1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

Papago records are full of accounts of the lynching of shamans whose power had turned destructive, perhaps without their knowledge. I'itoi himself was killed in just this way. It may be suggested that the story of the "dying god," shared by the Papago with several California tribes, is, in fact, a magnified picture of shaman killing, reflecting actual practice among the peoples concerned. [171]

CONTACT WITH THE SUPERNATURALS

Contact with the supernaturals was achieved by two methods that differ so much that they amount to separate religious systems. On the one hand was a calendric round of ceremonies, conducted by a priestly hierarchy and bringing blessing to the whole community. It was a system of group control, in which the average man made no individual approach to the supernatural and received no individual power. He danced as directed, and he helped with the manual work of a ceremony, but he had no other responsibility. The blessing he received was the general one of well being for his village.

Opposed to this was the democratic concept of the guardian spirit, opening the power quest to everyone. Formerly a Papago expected no success in life unless he had met some spirit tutelary who had given him a song for use in time of need. Old tales do not speak of heroes by name, but rather as hawk meeter, Coyote meeter, crane meeter. The conquest of the great houses is explained by the statement: "They could do nothing against us, we had so many meeters."

One such system has usually been enough for an Indian group—as communal ceremonies were for the Pueblos, and the vision for the Plains. With the Papago the two seem to have been almost equally developed. However, each had a distinct function. Communal ceremonies brought rain and therefore food; they have been spoken of here as "food ceremonies." Vision experiences brought power for individual achievements; the rites which set the seal on such achievements have been referred to as "power ceremonies." Different as the two were, both in purpose and in procedure, they were oriented to one final end, the acquisition of rain. Even in-

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

dividual power might bring this as the end result, and he who had attained that power in the highest degree had the title *siiwanyi*, or rain magician.

Food ceremonies form the more conspicuous part of Papago religious practices. They were carried on according to a yearly schedule for the making of rain, the growth of crops, the cleansing of food, the celebration of the harvest, and, once in four years, "to keep the world in order." Usually these ceremonies were based on I'itoi's exploits, and in them his songs were used. They were conducted by the regular village leaders: the keeper of the smoke, for rainmaking; the hunt chief, for the cleansing of deer and the harvest; the game chief, for the intervillage meet; the war chief, for the communal phase of the war ceremonies, which was specially dedicated to rain. Only in one case was the group of village officiants set aside, and that was for the unique prayer-stick festival, which had a hierarchy of its own, equally stable.

Food ceremonies took place on the village dance ground or in the brush hut which served both as council house and as sacred building. Usually all the elders of the village assisted in the singing, while selected boys and girls might perform a dance. The ceremony, at its fullest, required the exposure of a fetish (in Pueblo terms we might say the setting up of an altar), the recitation of a speech describing the desired event, the singing of songs to the same end, and a dance with paraphernalia. Not all ceremonies were so complete. The rainmaking cermony, for instance, lacked paraphernalia; most ceremonies for growth lacked the dance; the driving away of evil was reduced to songs only.

No supernatural was mentioned. Songs and recitations merely described the desired event in vivid terms, and the very description brought it to pass. Probably the whole was meant to reproduce an achievement of I'itoi in the early days of the world, and the speaker actually impersonated him.[13] Words, tune, costumes, and dance

[13] Cf. the Cora songs for liquor fermentation and for deer hunting (Preuss, 1912b, pp. 22–23, 40–41) in which Morning Star is described as thinking over and performing each step in the above processes in much the terms used in the Papago speeches. The Cora *tonarikan*, Morning Star, is often called Elder Brother, as I'itoi is.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

undergo a modified form of purification at the same time. They would expect to share in the benefits of his power, but unless they took precautions it would harm them.

It was during his[1/2] period of seclusion that visions came. Here two contradictory ideas had to be reconciled, for the neophyte was expected to learn from others, as well as dreaming for himself. The visions generally followed a pattern of visions recounted to him in standardized recitations by his "ceremonial father." This "made father" (*ókta*) was chosen by the neophyte from the men who had been through the experience previously. The lines of behavior follow those of a society initiation, yet the "made fathers" were not a society. Perhaps it was the semi-nomadic life of the Papago which prevented their closer organization, but they remained individuals, gathering in groups only on special occasions.

The neophyte might learn recitations and songs by rote from his "made father," and this in itself gave him power. Also, the animals were supposed to find him particularly pleasing during his purification and to choose this time for their visits. In this way the idea of the guardian spirit and of a form of priestly initiation were reconciled. Ultimately the neophyte was free. The informal group of ceremonial fathers received him back into the community, singing the songs that ratified his power, blowing purifying smoke over him, and finally calling him by the kinship term. The new *siakam*, or ripe man,[15] was now eligible to take part again in community life.

There was another purificatory process—so like the three already mentioned that it has been classed with them—the segregation of girls at puberty, an ancient rite, far more widespread in the Papago area than any purification for men. It involved the same features: segregation, partial fasting, use of the scratching stick, cold baths, and the avoidance of looking at the sun or at fire.

Obviously, the power which comes upon a girl of nubile age was thought similar to that dangerous magic which men could acquire only by effort. It had the same effect of making the girl dangerous

[15] Cf. the Keresan use of *crude* (raw) to denote those who belong to no society (Dumarest, p. 108; White, 1935, pp. 135, 167). The Zuni, according to Cushing, speak of mankind as "done, baked, ripe" and of the animals and animal gods as "raw" (Cushing, 1880–81, p. 198).

[1/2 [i.e., now undergoing purification after having performed a ritual act which contaminated him. – Analyst]

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

FINAL SONGS

23. Now I have sung
Now I have sung
In every direction they go
In every direction they go
Homeward!
Running!(12)

(Santa Rosa)

24. At the edge of the world
It is growing light.
The trees stand shining.
I like it.
It is getting light.(12)

25. At the edge of the world,
It is growing light.
Up rears the light.
Just yonder, the day dawns,
Spreading over the night.(12)

While the people were dancing several shamans took their places in the center of the circle, each holding eagle plumes or a tuft of eagle down. Sometimes they also held the crystals used for divining. It was their function to foresee the coming of rain and to announce when it might be expected. They walked up and down, holding their eagle plumes to catch the breeze. The liquor maker sometimes addressed them during the singing, to make sure that they were helping with the rainmaking, not mysteriously hindering.

THE LIQUOR MAKER TO THE SHAMAN DURING THE SINGING

26. Now it happened that I desired something. Then you will help me. That it may happen, that which we have planned, to pull down the damp wind and pull down the clouds. They will wet the ground, and in it we shall plant.

Therewith we shall feed our children. Our friends who come from afar we shall feed therewith. Therewith we shall feel happy. Therewith we shall be alert. Therewith all shall be well.(3)

In former days the shamans often performed rain magic at this time. Tradition says that they would walk to the string of eagle

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

or three times. After the men's race there might be a woman's game of double ball and a woman's race.

The parties to the meet were not single villages, but village units consisting of a parent village with all its daughters and its "wells." Two such units might have a standing contest which carried on for years, each challenging alternately. But occasionally several units joined together to challenge another group: two whole dialect divisions might find themselves arrayed on opposite sides, or one division against the Pima.

Plans were made at the beginning of the summer, when the people assembled at the "field" village before they separated. Then, if there were no regular contest in progress, the runners or their families suggested to the game leader that they felt ready for a meet. The game leader presented the matter to the village council, who, perhaps, tested the runners to make up their minds and then decided whom they would challenge and what the race should be. Then the game leader paid a formal call on the game leader of the opposite side to convey the challenge and settle details.

The runners practiced all summer under the supervision of the game leader or some trainer chosen by him. There was no pay for such work, since the trainer was helping to win for his village and would share in its betting gains. The village elders, all of whom were vitally interested in the outcome, frequently advised and encouraged the runners.

THE SKIPPING DANCE

Beside training its athletes, the village prepared a musical performance to be presented to its opponents. Of these performances, the most elaborate was the skipping dance (*tcĭrkona*). The word means a motion exactly like that of children skipping along a sidewalk. But the performance was not merely a dance; it was a rudimentary form of opera. Some singer dreamed a series of songs, referring to a visionary experience of his own. Then he trained a number of girls and boys to perform dance evolutions, carrying effigies which referred to his dream. Records tell of singers who were famous for wind songs, ocean songs, cloud songs, crane songs.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

726
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29. Coyote, our comrade,
Runs to meet the enemy.
Tomorrow, fight!

The final song was usually the appeal to Coyote. During this 726
song, at Komarik, one warrior danced in the trail leading to the 533
enemy's country. At the final words all gave the warwhoop, pounded their bows on the ground, or struck their shields(19).

Meantime, the shamans had been looking for the enemy by the 726
aid of their crystals or by conversations with passing owls. Some 787
were able to blow smoke toward the enemy, causing blindness or 781
a mist which would hide the Papago movements. At the end of the singing they announced where and when the Apache would be met. The men then lay back to sleep, but before doing so they rubbed their hands with a downward stroke over their eyes and breathed in the direction of the enemy to cause him to sleep.(19)

After entering enemy country there was no further ritual. 726
"They only sang if they were in trouble and could not find the enemy," otherwise they traveled by night and slept by day.

The usual engagement took the form of an early morning raid, when they rushed upon an Apache village, killed a man or two, or perhaps only women and children, and made their escape. No fight could last long, for each of the few men, as soon as he had killed an enemy, must leave the conflict and await purification. This long and complicated procedure will be taken up separately.

VICTORY

The war party arranged its homeward journey so as to camp 727
on the last night near the village and make an entry at dawn. They collected the Apache trophies (which might be scalps, ears, or merely a war shirt, moccasin, or belt), tied them to a long pole, and sent them ahead by a messenger. As soon as he was within reach of the village, the messenger shouted the names of the enemy slayers, that preparation might be made for their segregation. After this he called the names of any Papago who had been killed.

The young girls of the village immediately set out to meet the war party. They seized each man's weapons and danced with them,

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

I will journey back, and I will attain my desire. Not hard will it be to turn homeward, not hard to reach my land.(5)

This speech was impromptu. The one quoted was made by an informant who had special ambitions to be a runner.

Anegam and Santa Rosa made ritual speeches, those now preserved at Anegam being the most elaborate. On the second night of the journey (the first having ended a forced march), the Anegam crier called his men together.

3. Already has again leaped down [the sun] the gift of God, and shadow covers us. Already has arrived [Coyote] our shining-eyed comrade, our burning-eyed comrade. Around us four times he went, swiftly circling, then he stood still. His shining and his circling seemed of good omen. Then hurry! Gather quickly! Come together! That we may speed our ceremonies.[8](5)

The men seated themselves in a circle with arms folded and heads bowed. Each removed his sandals and tied a buckskin thong around his hair, that it might not blow and cause him to raise his hands, disturbing the meeting. The leader made an introductory speech known as The Heartening.

4. Already has again leaped down [the sun] the shining traveler, and shadow begins to cover us. Already has arrived [Coyote] our shining white comrade and four times around us he went circling. Already has he strengthened our hearts and perfected them; he has strengthened our hands and perfected them; he has strengthened our legs and perfected them. He has done the same for our beasts. He has strengthened their hearts and perfected them; he has strengthened their hands (forelegs) and perfected them; he has strengthened their legs (hind legs) and perfected them.(5)

Then followed the speech known as The Preparation. This is actually a psychological preparation for receiving visions at the ocean. More than that, it is in the nature of a pattern for such visions. A neophyte, even though he completely lacked imagination, could hardly fail, when in a state of exhaustion and with this speech in memory, to imagine the experience expected of him.

[8] In this speech circumlocutions are used instead of the important words "sun" and "coyote." In old days the sun was called the shining traveler, but Christian expressions have crept in.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

favorable to me. Give me life. Let me be a runner; a shaman; a singer; a hunter."

All those who had their prayer sticks threw them into the sea. If, for some reason, a man was not acceptable to the supernatural, the waves would return the prayer stick. The most usual reasons for rejection were failure in sexual continence during the preparations for the journey or the fact that a man's wife might be menstruating. However, "the sea cleans the sticks." If a man persevered and threw in his offering four times, it would be accepted.

Sometimes a man himself was taken by the sea and engulfed like the prayer sticks. Speech No. 8 speaks of such an experience. No one attempted to rescue the drowning man, for he was being summoned by the supernatural. He might reappear after many years as a powerful shaman, or he might be turned into a bird or a fish.

Any object which a man saw while in the sea was a special gift to him from the supernatural. If he noticed a strand of seaweed, a shell, or a pebble, he sprinkled corn meal on the object, then took it home as a token, very powerful in cleansing salt pilgrims. A kind of seaweed known as "ocean foam" was particularly desired. Sometimes a man took hold of something which, when he found it in his hand, lost its beauty, and in that case he must put it back exactly where he found it, again sprinkling corn meal (5).

After their entry into the sea, the neophytes ran on the beach: a strenuous test of their powers. There was a headland some twenty miles from the salt bed, according to informants, and the men ran to this and back, not stopping except on the headland itself. Some men are reported to have perished from cold and exhaustion during this run, but all trained for it during their whole boyhood, for it was here that a magic experience was expected.

Everything that a man saw while running was an omen for his future career. One informant saw a flock of white cranes, which seemed to him to be men running. He followed them and was able to keep pace, and from this he knew that he would be a great runner. One saw the white cranes playing with a kickball, and knew that he would excel in this sport. One, exhausted from running,

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

saw the mountain ahead of him revolving, and composed a series of songs about it which made him one of the popular leaders for the skipping dance. A legendary case recounts the story of a hero who heard a voice call to him: "The sea shaman wants to see you." He went into a cave, where he was taught songs, and when he emerged found that four years had passed. His house and property had been destroyed, as at death, and his wife considered herself a widow. But he was now a powerful shaman, so highly paid that he soon made good the losses.

There are no tales of men who failed to receive a vision. The aids to the experience, both material and spiritual, were so many that few could fail to have some sight or some emotion that might be regarded as a message from the supernatural. In the subsequent weeks of fasting this could easily magnify itself into a vision.

The runners returned late at night, and the leader waited for them. Speech No. 8 describes him sitting, half dead with cold and weariness. They gave him the objects they had picked up, which must be purified before their power could be used.

PURIFICATION

Early next morning they loaded the horses and left, adjuring the salt to be light, when they placed it in the saddlebags. As they turned to go home, the leader addressed the ocean: "I shall now return. Do you make it easy! Blow me along that I may arrive safely." They started with the elders ahead, then the neophytes, and last the leader, "to push them with his power." They must not look back or think of the salt, because this would impede their journey. They might hear singing behind them, which was the ocean trying to tempt them, but if they heeded it, they would be unable to move. The prohibition against noise was particularly rigid. "It would make the ocean angry." The neophytes must use their scratching sticks and, at the first opportunity, cut new ones to replace those which had been touched by ocean air.

On nearing the home village, they camped just outside, so that they could make an entry in the morning, and sent a messenger to

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

Bowlegged!
Hítcia hdhina!(18)

After each two songs two of the singers walked over to perform an act of purification on the neophytes. They approached each one and laid a scraping stick on his breast and back, pressing down four times. As they did this, they breathed out, while the neophyte breathed in the power being given him. Each singer then spoke to him:

19. Hail! Thus do I to you. You will be like me. You will do much. You will go about much. You will be like me in action.(9)

Any other virtue of the singer might be augured for the neophyte.

As the singers returned to their seats, one man who was a hereditary sprinkler of corn meal, rose and strewed the sacred meal made from flat-headed corn over their baskets and their scraping sticks, also over the piles of salt and of tokens. During all this performance, the shaman sat by the fire, looking into the salt and then around the village in order to perceive any sickness or evil which might be present. He had his magic crystal in his hand and used it to "give light." The songs continued until morning, when the basket of salt was carried around by one of the pilgrims and distributed to the bystanders. As each took a lump, he breathed in from it to obtain power.

BEFORE SALT IS DISTRIBUTED

20. *Hi hlanai hu!*
Morning is lulled to sleep.
Hítcia hdhina!
Morning is lulled to sleep.
Hítcia hdhina!
Finely ground corn [salt]
By daylight we will give.
Morning is lulled to sleep.
Hítcia hdhina!(9)

After the distribution the meeting broke up.

The neophytes now passed the usual period of seclusion to make safe the power they had acquired for failure to do so would bring

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

223 783 days each. The first period was passed at some distance from the house, then the neophyte took a cold bath and moved nearer, until at the last period he was just outside his home.

The general rules for his behavior were the same as those for the warrior and the salt pilgrim.

223 783 787 During his seclusion the eagle killer, like the other neophytes, gained power in two ways. His guardian taught him what eagle songs he himself knew, to be used in the priestly function of purifying other eagle killers. But also the young man expected to dream. The spirit of the dead eagle would come to sit beside him and, acting as a guardian spirit, would impart to him various sorts of useful information which would help in his future career. Such information might lead in any direction, and many young men whose propensities had not yet shown themselves chose this easy form of contact with the supernatural as a means of determining their life work. The experience could be repeated until satisfactory results were obtained. Though it was not thought right to kill more than one eagle in one year, a boy might continue killing and dreaming every year until he had the power he wanted.

One man, known to the writer, killed four eagles in four successive years. During his first seclusion he dreamed directions for making a set of gaming sticks, with the assurance that he would always win. In the next two periods he dreamed a series of songs which made him especially potent as a purifier of eagle killers. It was only during his fourth period that the eagle spirit sang him songs which led to a career of shamanism. Other men, who had killed only one eagle, dreamed of success as runners, hunters, or fighters.

223 783 When the period of seclusion had passed, the guardian of the eagle killer summoned singers for the purification ceremony. In old days these were men who had themselves killed eagles and had learned the songs from their guardians, with possible additions through dreaming. In recent years, when eagle killers have been few, anyone who has managed to learn some songs is invited. The singers arrived at night and took their places in a circle, without fire. The eagle killer, if it were his first eagle, sat at the south side of the circle, with the guardian at his right. For his second eagle,

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

endurance. She learned no ritual, and instead of sitting and awaiting a dream, she was expected to work particularly hard. Dreams were unnecessary, since her future career as a bearer of children was already settled and special power would come into her life only when it was obtained by her husband and automatically extended to her.

But it was very important that her character should be set on lines of virtue and industry. The Papago shared the belief common in the area that first menstruation is a time of special sensitivity, when tendencies are established for all time. Therefore, during these four days it was essential that the girl rise early and fetch quantities of wood and water as she would need to do in later life. She must grind corn, work at basketry, and, in fact, not allow herself an idle moment. The only reference to dreaming during this period is the statement: "If she worked hard, the *kots* (a magic serpent) would come and teach her basketry designs."(26)

The family selected some female relative, on either side, who was noted for her industry to be the girl's instructress. This cicerone cared for her charge in the segregation hut for four days, but must continue to exercise her in habits of industry "until the moon came round to where it was before." Sometimes they remained in the hut for this probationary period, or they might go to the home of the instructress or of the girl. At the end of this month came a second four days of seclusion and then a ceremony with a shaman, entirely similar to the christening of a baby and the purification of a mother after childbirth.

During the month of partial segregation a dance[2] was held to help in purifying the girl and to make her "breathe out the danger." This ceremonial, the *wudka,* was one of the oldest Papago institutions. Its origin is not even described in the myths, for it "was there from the beginning." It was at this dance that Elder Brother made himself so obnoxious that the people decided to kill him. It was a time of gaiety and of permissible license. Anyone, but particularly the song leader, had a perfect right to sexual liberties. The rituals even mention "songs with which to approach a maiden at her puberty dance."

[2] Russell (pp. 189–85) describes a similar girl's puberty dance for the Pima.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

756
539

7. The gray partner [Coyote]
To the smooth ground brought me;
Then back to my house returned me.
Over the sky and the earth he took me;
And at the west he brought me out.

8. A little *kolowisi* serpent,
Lying at the water's edge,
Is hanging alone.
He is swinging to and fro,
Singing for the water.
A little *kolowisi* serpent.

The name of the Zuni feathered serpent, occurring in the last song meant nothing to the dreamer, who declared that *kolowisi* was a magic word, known only to him. Perhaps this gives some indication of how memory and chance bits of information are all enlisted by the Papago system in the service of the vision.

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As his supernatural experiences grew more intense the dreamer began to have some inkling of his future specialty. If he were to be a rain shaman, he would dream of the frog and the spider, lovers of moisture. A future war shaman would dream of the owl. Sometimes a man specialized in only one of these functions, or so the tales say. The only shaman-prophets existing today are the rain prophets, and those whom the writer knew were diagnosticians as well.

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Preparations often continued until middle life, and meantime the future shaman kept his visions a secret. Nevertheless, he was acquiring paraphernalia and experimenting with the knowledge given him. Some shamans used herb medicines in addition to their sucking, and the writer's informant averred that he dreamed these one by one.

756

"But," he was asked, "suppose there were another would-be shaman, with dreams less powerful than yours, and suppose he wanted to learn from some older man. What might he have to pay?"

Without hesitation came the answer: "Twenty-five head of cattle."

Before making a public appearance, the shaman tested his skill

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

755
537x

While around and around the white mountain
She went circling.(16)

23. The lizard man, shaman,
To him you compare me,
To him who enters all the houses.
But let no one think of me at all.
It is this which will cure you.(20)

A species of large lizard is known as the house lizard because it infests houses. [825]

24. Coyote, my comrade,
Hither ran.
To the end of his tail
A cloud was tied.(26)

25. Coyote, my comrade,
Spit on the tips of his fingers.
He laid them on [the sick man]
"*Haiya*, sickness!
I don't know what you are!
Then I, having looked in vain,
Sit back."(26)

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Among the songs describing shamanistic visions were quoted animal songs indistinguishable from those of the curing singers. A shaman averred, however, that such songs could be dreamed as well as any other and were as suitable for producing a trance. It seems possible that this was not always the case, but at least at present there is an overlapping of songs of the diagnostician and those of the curing singer.

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26. Little black turtle
Toward Badger Well was crawling;
Toward it, squint-eyed, he was looking.
Near him I stood,
And twisting up he looked at me.(26)

27. Little full-bodied turtle
All alone!
His wife ran away,

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

753 825 times had a relation to traits in the animal. Thus, most coughs came from the deer, "because he snorts and snuffles." Head lice were from the eagle, usually infested with them. Headache and dizziness were from the horse, "because you feel that way when he throws you." Certain animals were particularly common as avengers, the larger ones appearing oftenest. The writer, when staying in a Papago house, was once caught by her hostess swatting flies. She attempted to excuse the slaughter by explaining: "You know, we white people are peculiar. We think flies bring disease."

"Oh," replied the Papago, "we think disease comes from animals, too, but we wouldn't pick on anything so small as a fly. We'd think of big ones, like the badger or the deer."

787 759 The animals came unsought to their "meeters," giving, perhaps, one song which could be used to evoke their good will.[3] Both men and women received these songs, and often those not otherwise given to dreaming managed this one contact with the supernatural. Said one woman:

> I was out in the desert one day and saw a horned toad looking at me. I knew he meant to say something, and I thought about it. That night, I waked up, and a song began to come to me. But I couldn't get it all. Next morning, I lay still and thought, and then I began to sing it. It was about the horned toad.
>
> For a long time nobody knew anything about it except that my family heard me singing. At last my mother was very sick. They had other singers and nothing had happened. My family asked me to try, but I was ashamed. At last I did, and she got well. Then other people asked me.(26)

752 776 177 One modern singer cures injuries resulting from falling off a horse or being kicked by horses and cattle. Since these animals are importations from the whites, his visitant is another white importation, the devil.

[114] [3] Russell says nothing about singers of animal songs among the Pima, yet they must have existed. He gives a list of symptoms and procedures (pp. 262–65) very similar to the ones quoted here. Some of his medicine songs (pp. 312–14, 317, 319, 320–21) are obviously those given by animals. His statement is that these are a remedy for animal-sent disease, and, by inference, the singer is the shaman. However, in the case of the dog disease (p. 265) "someone who knows the dog song is called in to sing." Very likely, there were singers for the other songs also.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

I once fell from a horse and was unconscious for twenty-four hours. 952
During that time, devils came to me. They were dressed like Mexicans 776
and had yellowish faces and mustaches. They were riding horses and 787
had a spare horse for me. We rode inside the mountain ranges and saw the gold and silver piled up there. They sang and I learned their songs. When I came to, I was singing them.

Now, every night as I fall asleep I hear them singing, far off. It is a new song, and I learn it as they approach. When they arrive, I know it, and we go off singing together. Sometimes I don't remember the song in the morning; often I do. I did not cure for a long time, but there was no one else who knew songs for the horse disease, so after awhile the people asked me to sing, and I did.

A woman informant said: 787
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I have always dreamed since I was a child. I could have been a shaman, but my father did not wish it. But many visitants kept coming to me: Coyote came, a black thousand-legs, and finally a spider.

I had been picking cactus once and was tired. I made a mound of earth to support my head and lay down to sleep. Before me, at the entrance of a hollow in the rock, a spider was spinning its thread. I said to it: Won't you fall? Then it sang me a song about itself.

1. Little gray spider shaman
At the cave entrance hanging!
"Do not think I shall fall,
I have two hands;
By them I am hanging."(26)

Years afterward, when I was a widow and younger women began to come and ask my advice about their children, I began using that song. I found I had great power.

The meeter was usually instructed by his visitant as to how to 787
obtain a fetish, which might be claw, tuft of hair, or peculiarly 759
shaped stone. Sometimes the meeter himself carved the visitant's 533
image out of wood. In curing, he waved the fetish over the patient or brushed away evil with it as the shaman brushed with his plumes. He also learned a song and the proper musical accompaniment with rattle or basket drum. Often, as has been said, such a song might differ, only in one word or note from another that

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

the meeter had heard. There was every opportunity for such adaptation, for curing songs were not secret, like shaman songs. The performance itself was public, and half the village attended to help with the singing and gain a blessing. One boy of twelve, known to the writer, had already a large repertoire of curing songs and would have found little trouble in "dreaming" more.

Some meeters had only one dream and one song but usually, they went on to a whole series, which might involve several visitants. One(17) who supplied many of the songs quoted, was almost a full-time professional, with a song for every ailment. He had a list of symptoms for each disease, gained, he said, by observation of the people for whom he sang. In fact, every singer was able to give some such list. Some symptoms seemed to be so widely known that when they appeared no diagnostician was called for, but the curing singer came in immediately.

The singer was invited by having a little corn meal placed in his hand. He came at sunset and sang or recited all night, with a pause at midnight to eat. The one seen by the writer had no fetish, but after each song, he leaned toward the patient so that she could breathe from him. If several singers were present, they took turns, each singing his own songs, while the other singers and the audience helped.

The songs below are from several different singers, arranged so that all those referring to one animal are placed together. The statements of symptoms have been added for what interest they may have, and also the fetish and the musical accompaniment demanded by each singer.[4] The songs "were composed by the animals, telling of their habits, so that people would understand them and not cause annoyance." They might, therefore, be comic or disparaging, as well as poetic or realistic. They were never merely laudatory and never in the form of a prayer. But quite usually they began with the animal's name as a powerful form of invocation.

BADGER.—*Symptoms:* swelling, or boils on the neck. *Fetish:* a

[4] Many of these details may have become standardized in the area, since Russell often quotes similar ones for the Pima (Russell, pp. 262–67).

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

14

MODERN CEREMONIAL LIFE

THE Papago flair for song composition is still fully alive. In 1931 and 1933 there were given at Santa Rosa two performances with effigies and dance movements supervised by the local keeper of the smoke. It was a variant of the old custom of dreaming a series of songs with appropriate paraphernalia for the skipping dance. But in this case the effigies were large and elaborate like those for the prayer-stick festival and, instead of being carried in procession, were so used as to amount to a stage setting.

CEREMONY FOR POWER

The purpose of the ceremony was, not to provide entertainment, but to get power. Santa Rosa has been a stronghold of old customs, and it was felt that its orthodoxy was being undermined. Therefore people dreamed less, and prosperity was failing. One shaman who attended the dance said that he expected to get from it power to cure automobile accidents, which had been hitherto entirely outside his sphere.

The whole dance was dreamed by the keeper of the smoke, a man of ninety. In 1930 he had a severe illness, and when he achieved the state of semi-consciousness propitious for dreams, had the following vision.

He was taken to a great city in the East "with high stone walls like canyons." He met a ceremonial clown and asked how he came there. The clown said: "People from this eastern land took my picture and

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carried it with them to the ocean, so I was drawn after it." The clown then offered to lead the old man home again to Santa Rosa. He moved under the earth, as a ceremonial clown always does, guiding the man above by his singing.

He led the smoke keeper, not to his home, but to the shrine outside the village, where four children were once sacrificed to prevent a flood. The children came out singing, and they and the clown led the old man through all the familiar sites of legendary Papagueria. They went to Superstition Mountain, where a group of people was turned to stone in the legendary flood. They crossed water, as did Elder Brother and his conquering army. At last they came to the "Earth Navel." It was in the shape of a thatched council house, hung with all the implements of ancient Papago life. There were upon it bows and arrows, masks for singers in the prayer-stick festival, and rain symbols. Above these was a tall pole, painted red, white, and blue. The clown said to the old man: "See, the white men are correct; the earth moves," and as he looked the house with its pole began to revolve. Then the clown bade him: "Look at all these things that our people used to use. Think about them and tell the people also to look and think once more. After that, if they wish to abandon them and take up White ways, let them do so."

Then the flood children went singing home, and the old man followed.

On the basis of this story, the old man composed a series of songs, which (after the manner of the songs in the origin myth) refer to the crises in the story rather than explain them. He had huge effigies made by the villagers, representing the children's shrine, Superstition Mountain, and the earth navel. These were decorated with birds and animals in clay, wood, and oilcloth and with all the paraphernalia he had seen in his dream. They were placed on the dance ground some thirty feet apart and acted as a stage setting.

The old man taught his songs to the scraping-stick musicians and to all other men in the village who wished to learn, as well as a number of the older women. For this purpose they gathered nightly in the council house for a month. He told the singers the dream on which the songs were based, but no one else knew unless some singer explained to him. The old man then selected ten

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

MODERN SONG CYCLE

There are still many song dreamers, young as well as old. Many songs consist merely of variations on the standard poetic phrases, but a few deal with the entirely new background introduced by the whites. One composer has a modern guardian spirit, the devil. This visitant, as has been mentioned, cures diseases due to those white man's importations, the horse and the cow. He has also, in nightly wanderings, sung to his protégé songs concerning railroads and telegraph wires.

In some of these the words are placed with excellent onomato-poetic effect. The custom of using extra vocables is a great opportunity for the introduction of appropriate sounds, and this has been done in line three, where the regular bumping of a train over the rails is imitated. In the last line the syllable *amo* has been added to two words as the train disappears trailing smoke. The humor may need explanation. That anything so sacred as a cloud hangs over the iron wagon makes it seem, at first, divine. Then the error is dissipated.

THE APPROACHING TRAIN

17. The iron wagon hither runs.
The iron wagon hither runs.
Over it a cloud is lying.
Oh! It's only the smoke.(12)

RAILS

18. Yonder far I ran,
Walked and ran.
Iron stretched out.
Then I beside it ran.
Nowhere did it end.
It stretched out.(12)

In this song the diphthong *au*, in the words meaning "to stretch," is lengthened and emphasized with realistic stretching effect.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

The crucifix early achieved status as a fetish, and the writer has known shamans to prescribe it. The same is true of prayers. In a case of epilepsy, which was, perhaps, an unfamiliar disease, the diagnostician did not call for guardian spirit songs in the usual manner, but, instead, ordered the women to sing the Rosary. [998] 794 777

There was little attempt to reconcile the Papago and Christian theologies, although some very modern Papago now speak of I'itoi as the Papago Christ. The important supernatural adopted from the new religion was the devil. One remembers the position of this character in Spanish folklore, where he often appears, not as a dignified arch fiend, but as a coyote-like character who is always being worsted. The *tciaur* (Spanish, *diablo*) as described by the Papago, is a being of this type, gay, silly, and even kindly. He is not unlike the Papago guardian spirit, nor is he foreign to the scalp mannikins, dirty and mischievous little spirits who drive people mad with love. 182 779 777 776

We hear echoes of the scalp mannikins in the plaint of one girl who had been married to the devil in a dream. "Do not sing for me," she said to the people who came to cure her. "Only those can be free of the devil who wish to be free, and I have been married a long time." She described her supernatural spouse as old and bearded, dressed in white man's clothes and owning a car. Nightly he took her in it through the mountains and showed her the piles of unmined gold and silver. Her obsession has reminders of the scalp mannikin legend and also of the snake, who marries young people, making them neglectful of human love. A gayer vision of the devil was that of a young man who danced nightly on the mountains with devil boys and devil girls. 777 787 776

To another, the devil came quite in the guise of a guardian spirit. He looked "like a Mexican, with yellow face and black moustaches."(12) He appeared riding a horse, at the head of a cavalcade of devils, all singing. This arrival, announced by a song, is typical of the guardian spirits. Commonly the song is used for curing a disease sent by the spirit itself. In this case the song cured ailments of horses or the "horse disease" in humans. The linking of the white man's animal with the white man's supernatural seems very logical. Perhaps, had the Papago been left un-

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

disturbed, the devil might have developed into a guardian spirit in good standing.

There were some more organized versions of Christian belief. One of these grew up among the northern Papago, who had retained their tradition of a yearly pilgrimage to Mexico. In fact, their goal was Kino's old headquarters, the church at Magdalena, in the Altar valley. Gradually the visit there became formalized, so that instead of a winter sojourn by individuals or families, it was a pilgrimage of several weeks, made by half the population of a village. The Franciscan priests who today control the missions believe that the custom may have had its roots in Jesuit times. Otherwise, why do the pilgrims always bring home the picture of St. Francis Xavier, patron of Jesuit missionaries? The Franciscans suggest that, had they instituted the custom, they would naturally have used the picture of their own patron, St. Francis of Assisi.

The journey as an institution lapsed some years ago, when a Mexican revolution closed the churches. Until then it had been one of the great events of the year for the northern villages. This is how one participant described it, in the days when the journey was made by wagon.

> Everyone who can sell a cow and get money goes. There are about a hundred wagons in a big long line, and they make a camp circle at night. The lady that gave the statue of St. Francis to our church always takes it with her to be blessed. She carries it in her trunk, wrapped in a blessed cloth, and when she camps she sets it on something, never on the ground. . . . When they get to Magdalena, they go straight to the church and get their property blessed. Then they have a good time and buy things.

As indicated by the last lines, the days in the rich Mexican valley were as much a carnival as a religious exercise. The little town of Magdalena brought out its stores of fruit, candy, cheap jewelry, and Mexican finery and held a fair in the plaza. It was from this source that the Indians brought their most cherished white man's goods. Only recently has it been displaced by the nearer markets at Tucson.

The Indians always saved a little money for candles and holy

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

an enemy and then all black (19, 26). Black paint was considered symbolic of dizziness and drunkenness and therefore of war. One of the chants says:

"My desire was the black madness of war.
I ground it to powder and therewith I painted my face.
My desire was the black dizziness of war.
I tore it to shreds and therewith tied my hair in a war knot."

When the war parties started out, each had a leader, either permanent or appointed temporarily by the council. The oldest and most experienced of these leaders would take charge of the combined expedition. There would be at least one crier who could make the announcements in camp, or one would be appointed by the leader.

Each village if possible brought a shaman to "see" the enemy and to recite spells to disable him. These shamans were of a particular class, the "owl meeters", who had owls for their guardian spirits. The dead are supposed to fly back from the east, where they live, in the form of owls. Dead Papago warriors, in owl form, haunted the enemy country where they died and with these the shaman communed.

The parties from the partner villages met at night at the rendezvous and went through a series of ceremonies. During these, it was the duty of the shaman to retire and to practise divination which would tell where the enemy might be encountered. If there were several shamans, they all worked together.

"Once the men from several villages met for a war party at Basket Cap mountain. At night they sat and sang the war songs, facing the country of the enemy. All that time the shaman sat apart, on a little knoll. When the singing was over, the leader asked the shaman, "Can you give us news?"

The shaman said, "I think there is one here who will help me." Then he went back to the knoll and the men heard the hoot of an owl. Soon the shaman came back to them. He said, "Has anyone here some of the old tobacco we used to use?"

One man had, so he gave it to the shaman. The shaman went away and the men watching could see that he lit two cigarettes. They could see their red tips moving as you see cigarettes that are held by two people. Then they saw one of them thrown away. The shaman came back, holding the other. He said, "The enemy are at Smooth Ground. We'll come up with them at noon tomorrow."

So they did and they killed many Apaches. If it had not been true, perhaps they would have killed the shaman." (19)

The war leader also sent out scouts and continued to do so as they advanced into the enemy country. They travelled by night and

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

hid by day until they encountered a troupe of the enemy or a village. The villages rarely contained anyone but women and children since the men were constantly away raiding. One attack on a village was described as follows:

"The men all separated and each one waited outside one Apache wickiup, till the signal to attack. My father was outside a wickiup where there were several women roasting something and he listened to their strange voices and wondered if they were saying, "The Desert People are here." Finally the signal came: the call of a roadrunner. Our men attacked, whooping. The women ran out of the houses and the men stood at the doors waiting to club them. My father took hold of an old woman but she was strong and wrestled with him. He called to the others, "Help! The old enemy woman is killing me!" So others came and they broke in the old woman's skull. A few other men killed but the rest of the women got away. Our men burned the houses and the booty and went home." (26)

If it was possible to locate a band of male enemies, they tried to "make a house for the Apache", that is, surround the band or trap it in a canyon. Various accounts tell how the shaman divined where the enemy would be and how this strategem was carried out. The archers shot first from ambush, then the men with clubs rushed in for close fighting. There were never very many of these and they were only the bravest men. They always advanced leaping and when leaping backward to retreat they held the shield behind them to break a fall. There was no mass formation and no commands from the war leader except the signal to begin. The affair was a series of duels where each warrior got his man, if possible, and then retired from the combat.

"My father and one Apache were separated from the others shooting arrows at each other. There was a giant cactus between them and each kept dodging behind it, till the cactus was full of arrows. They both knew a little Mexican and the Apache called out in that language, "I am a *man*!" My father shouted, "I, too, am a *man*!" Then they wrestled. My father was down and he shouted for help. His brother came and between them they clubbed the Apache. Then they were both Enemy Slayers."

Even if there was no Apache attack, a punitive expedition generally took place each winter to avenge some former raid. For this there was plenty of time and the villages of one or even two related groups might join. The Papago calendar stick which chronicles the events of the last eighty-five years provides a number of typical examples.

1867-68. Some Apaches came to Worm Pond, while the people were singing for rain. They stole some horses and made off.

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

525 Scoring is done with grains of corn a pile of which is placed on the ground between the two sides. When one side loses by a wrong guess, the opponents take the proper number of grains from the central pile. When the central pile is exhausted the winners take from the losers' pile. They play until one side has all the corn.

Culin states that the original pile should contain a hundred grains[1] but the writer as previously explained, doubts if the Papago counted so high.

A game of hidden ball usually lasted from sunrise to sunset. It could be played informally by a few men who had leisure time on their hands but all important games were formal occasions. Each village had a few men who were famous gamblers, known for unmoved faces and trickiness in hiding the bean. Such men had usually had a supernatural experience which gave them the requisite [787] power. One informant, after killing an eagle, had been visited by the dead bird who promised him success and told him always to fling down the tubes with their openings toward the east. He never lost.

Two famous gamblers in a village might challenge each other. Then they would ask for a meeting in the council house, announce their intention and each would ask for volunteers on his side. His relatives and those who believed in his luck would join him and spend the intervening time collecting goods to wager. Their leader generally did the guessing and had an assistant as hider. All the others offered suggestions and sang to confuse the opponents. If they thought the leader's luck was failing they would put forward [787] another guesser. A young man who had had a vision might suddenly offer himself in this capacity and win great fame.

If the game was between villages, a challenge might be issued in the spring for a meet after harvest. Each village held a meeting and selected its principal guesser and assistants. Almost all the male population assisted with suggestions.

525 773 The songs for hidden ball were, like other magic-working songs, the high points of a myth recounting a legendary occurrence. A young wife was pregnant when her husband's older brother, who had wanted her for himself, killed her husband. The murderer fled and became a famous gambler. The child, growing up, continually asked his mother as to his uncle's whereabouts and how he could take vengence. He decided to gamble with his uncle and to bet his life, and for the purpose, invented the game of hidden ball.

His mother told him where to find the reeds and he marked them as they are now. He made Hair-Tied first and that reed was always

[1] Culin, p. 354.

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

and this girl was dead. The men dragged them out into the rain and the house began to burn. Her relatives buried that girl all alone and no one would go near." (26) 841

"Then there was a girl who was going to build a fire and it seemed that it reached out and took her and burned her up." (26)

"And there was another whose mother was struck by lightning. Because when a woman commits this fault, anyone in her family may be punished. That is why, when the lightning strikes a village, they send for the shaman to see what woman was dangerous. He summons all the girls and looks at his crystals to see whose fault it was. They don't punish that girl. She knows that she has killed her relatives and that is enough." (26)

Women admit that an intrepid woman, if she were particularly busy, might conceal her state for a day or two. "But not more. She would be too much afraid." She might also practise the reverse procedure and keep her husband from going to war by telling him falsely that she was menstruating. An injury like this would be far less likely to be forgiven by a husband than would unfaithfulness.

As a rule, the women found the four days segregation no burden. Rather it was a pleasant chance to sit still and give up the household responsibility. They took their basketry to the hut where all women, except first menstruants, might visit them. The groups gambled, sang and told stories. No man might shout to the menstruant or even look at her from a distance. A tale recounts that once a woman in the segregation hut saw an approaching party of Apaches. She shouted to some men in the fields but they would not turn round nor watch her signals and she dared not approach, so the Apaches attacked the village. Another local tale says that a woman who [578] frequently quarrelled with her husband would on each occasion retire to the hut whence he was powerless to get her back. He had to move the family before she would come out.

The segregation custom is still in use, though not so widely as [177] formerly.

DREAM POWER AND CHOICE OF CAREER

The puberty of the youth was not signalized. Even though he married, he continued in his father's house without much change in status until he achieved some noteworthy deed which stamped him an adult. There was no ceremony or definite crisis. He began to take part in men's affairs; ultimately would be consulted and would speak in the council. 881 884

Papago life admitted of a number of specializations. A man could be a leader or a ceremonial officiant, a planter, hunter, 463 787

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago N 28

463 trader, runner, gambler, shaman or lay curer. For two of these
787 activities, that of the shaman and the lay curer, dream power was essential. For several it was out of the picture. These were the hereditary offices of Keeper of the Meeting and ceremonial officiants where the emphasis was on learning a task from a predecessor. In contrast to the Yuman attitude, proficiency was enough without dream confirmation. Planting, the task of everyone, was outside the need for dream power and was taken care of by standardized magic practices ordained for the whole community. Trading, although it might seem the place where initiative and energy (that is, power) would be called for, is never mentioned.

There remain the activities where chance plays a large part: hunting, racing, gambling and war. Here there were magic group rituals but also the individual could gain much with the aid of a Visitant. The aid was not essential: a crack deer hunter has told me that he never had a dream in his life (22). Certainly the youth who failed to dream did not feel agonized and frustrated. But I [157] relate this fact, not to a lack of desire to dream, but to the fact that the Papago is not avid for power. He has some of the Pueblo abhorrence for the idea of prominence and he feels quite content to be an undistinguished member of "the kin".

787 The subject of dreaming should receive its detailed treatment in connection with the supernatural but no discussion of social or economic life can omit some reference to it. Mention has already been made of the way in which a boy was urged from infancy to invite a supernatural Visitant by the practice of the standard virtues, of which fleetness of foot was the chief. Constant frugality was enjoined but he did not definitely fast and he never implored. The Visitant came unasked. The visitation occurred in natural sleep or during the state of exhaustion after running.

When a boy reached young manhood, there were other avenues of approach to the supernatural. The retreat of the Enemy Slayer after killing has been mentioned, with the fact that this gave power not so much for war as for curing. There were two other activities which were thought to bring their participants into almost as close a connection with dangerous power as enemy slaying. These were the ceremonial fetching of salt from the Gulf of California and the killing of an eagle.

After each of these the neophyte went into a retreat similar to that of the Enemy Slayer, though not quite so rigorous and he was called by the same term, possibly meaning Powerful. During this time he had the dreams that ensured future prowess. A Visitant often sang to him and took him on a journey which might have

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

the Yuman form of visiting mountains but might be to the sea or beyond it. Or the Visitant might simply instruct the dreamer.

It would seem that an unimaginative young man, faced with the necessity to "dream" dramatically before he could have the inspiration to success, might be frustrated. The series of speeches delivered to the neophytes before their retreat both in war and on the salt expedition fills this need for they are narratives of the vision experienced by some primeval dreamer. These, recited night after night, under impressive circumstances, might easily dispose a young mind to a nearly similar experience. In one of the war rituals, the guardian recites the experience as though it had actually happened to the neophyte:

"At the east there lives
A great yellow buzzard, a great shaman....
He picked you up, and far he threw you,
You fell half dead, you awoke, you came to yourself."

Sixteen days of fasting, following this recital, might go far toward producing the experience.

In the salt ritual there is a description of the state of mind which precedes such dreams. It gives a picture of one definitely working himself up to a state of tension.

"Food she cooked for me
I did not eat..
Water she fetched for me
I did not drink.
Then thus to me she said:
What is it?
You did not eat the food which I have cooked,
The water which I fetched, you did not drink.
Then thus I said:
It is a thing I feel.

I rose and across the bare spaces did go walking
Did peep through the openings in the scrub.
Looking about me,
Seeking something....
I rose. I reached the shade before my house,
There did I try to sit. Not like itself it seemed....
On my bed I tried to lie.
Not like itself it seemed....
To the center of the house did I go crawling
And the center post
Seemed a white prayer stick
So like it was...."

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

776 The primeval dreamer then recites his vision which the youth
●787 may well duplicate in all its particulars.

The dreaming neophyte made no attempt to call his Visitant and had no prescience of what power would be conferred. Young men went on the salt expedition or killed an eagle in order to find out their vocation. It might be shamanism or lay curing in which case they would continue to dream. Or it might be a profession for which a single conferring of power was enough.

There were certain standard Visitants, with loosely defined powers. The hawk and the cranes (always in a flock) gave speed in running. Coyote, turtle, spider and many others gave curing powers. The crow gave cunning as a scout, the puma, wildcat and deer gave hunting prowess. Luck in gambling came from a number of small birds, in one case, from the eagle. The vision of a youth who had killed an eagle follows:

"The eagle I had killed came and sat beside me. Then it told me to sit on its back, hold to its wings and never look back as we flew. It flew up into the sky as far as where people say Heaven is, (informant was a nominal Christian), but there was only darkness. Then the eagle said, "Well' go down. You look at the earth. Maybe there will be something you can use."

We came down, but the earth was not as I remembered. In one place, where there should be desert, there was a river. The eagle said, "Sit beside this river and anything you see, take it." I saw a reed floating with the roots pulled up.

I woke up. My heart was here (throat). I looked for the reed. It was not there. The next night the man — he was really the eagle — came again. He said, "Don't feel bad at losing what you found last night. I took it. I'll give it back to you. On the third night I will give it." On the third night he came but he did not give it. He said, "I will give it on the fourth night."

On the fourth night he said, "Go anywhere. Find a reed. Cut it in four pieces at the joints." . . . . (16)

There follows a description for making the tubes used in hidden ball, with a little extra painting and the direction to hold the openings to the east while filling the tubes with sand. The dreamer followed directions, always played hidden ball with the magic tubes so made and always won.

Many traditions relate to the dreams by which runners procured their powers.

"A champion runner used to go early to a place where he always ran. A long narrow clearing was the race track . When starting, he heard the sound of something falling and he saw a man standing there who wanted to run with him. This was an eagle in human

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

form. They ran to the end of the track, returned and the stranger walked away. This happened four times and on the last one he appeared as an eagle. He told the runner to follow his advice and be like him, a killer and runner. The eagle took some of his feathers and thrust them into the runner's arms on the inside above the wrist pointing up, under the skin toward the hands. After a while the feathers began to grow on his arms almost like wings and he continued a fast runner. He was instructed not to tell of the eagle nor to boast. People would find out his power." (21)

"There was a very fast runner at Mesquite Root. Once, after an Apache attack, this man was escaping. He came to the other side of narrow Mountain, where there was a shelter for the cactus gatherers. He got there at evening. It was cold and he had no blanket, only a shirt and breechclout. He lay down, expecting to freeze, but he was tired and slept. While he was asleep the white birds (cranes) came and took his heart out. They carried it to the ocean where they live and flew around with it. All night they flew around with it, while his body slept. They showed him how to run and gave him kickball power, because they had pity on him.

When the sun rose, they brought his heart back. He woke up warm instead of cold. Immediately he thought of those who had been killed the day before. So he went back to Mesquite Root and helped burn the bodies.

After that, he had dreams. The white birds would take his heart. One night they took him and told him to run from Mesquite Root to the Hollow Place (about fifty miles). They said he could arrive by noon and should then start back. He would get home by sundown. He wanted to test the dream and he did so. He ran the whole distance, through Hackberry Well and Coyote Sitting and got back just as they said.

The same birds told him in a dream he would have a game of kickball against four relays. He had never tried this. But they said he would win. Then they said he would run against one man and win. All this came true. Then he dreamed of a race track as long as from the Black Hill to the Hollow Place with one man running on it, far ahead of the others. In his dream someone asked him to get in and help the losing side, handing him the breechclout which the runners wore. He accepted the breechclout, saw his relay coming in and his rival out of sight. Just as he was going to run, he woke up. He was old now and he decided to go to the Hollow Place and die there, for this would be the last dream he would have. (Since he had not run in the dream, he probably would not run in life.) He died before he could go." (21)

Women might dream but they did not do so as frequently as men and they never went into retreat, except as the wives of Enemy Slayers. The prerequisite was their standard virtue, industry.

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

"Work hard," they were told, "and the magic serpent will come and show you designs for baskets." An informant had this experience, though she did not see the serpent.

"When I am making baskets, I hear a voice speaking to me. 'Put a cactus here. Put a turtle there. There, put a Gila monster.'" (26)

Women might acquire curing and, in the old days, rain-making powers after the menopause.

Some light is thrown on the psychological function of the dream by the experience of a woman informant which would seem to be typical. She had all her life observed a practice of midwives: pushing up the baby's palate to produce closure of the fontanelle (see p. 89). This appears to be an old Aztec practice.[1] Although the action was perfectly simple, the informant had never attempted it but in old age she took to dreaming. In one dream the Virgin Mary "and another lady" came and took her through a typically Papago visit to four pools, each guarded by a turquoise and each with a baby's head in it. The Visitants showed her how to spit on a shaman's crystal and touch the fontanelle, which then closed. When she awoke, she knew she could cure the baby's disease. She had no crystal but she did not trouble about it nor about the rest of the ritual. She proceeded to cure babies by pushing up the palate as she had seen others do. All she needed was the dream validation (26).

The Papago dream experience takes its place as a local version of the Guardian Spirit idea which is, in essence, a proclamation of the ability of the individual to attain eminence, regardless of his hereditary status. Such an idea is held both to east and west of the Papago, in varying forms.

The River Yumans, to the west, believed that power-bringing visions came by chance, in natural sleep, and, though an individual's whole success in life depended upon his dreams, he was powerless to induce them. Stated in modern terms, this reflects a belief in the innate superiority, perhaps also superior luck, of certain individuals. The subject of the dream was not an animal, as with the Papago, but a mountain or a supernatural being; sometimes merely a prophetic experience.[2]

On the Plains to the east, the vision was induced by efforts of the recipient, demanding a will power would see him through repeated

[1] Sahagun, Seler, pt. 9, sec. 8, p. 366.

[2] Kroeber, 1925, p. 754; Spier, 1933, p. 236; Gifford, 1933, pp. 303—4; Forde, 1931, pp. 182, 183, 189, 190.

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

vigil and torture. Such visions occurred in a waking trance, not in sleep, and they took the standard form of visitation from an animal.[1] But, again, the vision was a democratic expedient which gave a man access both to individual achievement and the holding of office.

Gradations of these ideas are to be found in other areas near the Papago, such as the Shoshoneans of southern California,[2] the Basin and Plateau[3] with sporadic appearances in the Sonoran and Pueblo areas. We have mentioned the two versions which are in strongest contrast, in order better to define the elements of the Papago vision but without conclusions as to the contacts which gave them currency.

The Papago dream experience occurred in sleep, like that of the Yumans, but the spirits involved were the animal guardians of the Plains. And the vision was induced. The purposeful motivating of a certain dream is at odds with the modern attitude of scrutinizing dreams as valuable messengers from the subconscious, to be humbly awaited and studied, rather than commanded. But the Papago commanded their dreams — or at least those they remembered. Inquiry has convinced the writer that there were many symbolic expressions of unrecongized desires, like those so much studied today and sometimes spoken of as typical of all dreams. But these, say the Papago, "did not mean anything. We forgot them." Other dreams however, were motivated by constant thought and desire directed toward one end — say a visit from Coyote — until it must have reflection in dreams. Such a desire was by no means suppressed: these dreams acted as messengers, not from the sub-conscious to the conscious but in the reverse direction. When a man's subconscious could produce, in sleep, a reflection of the very image toward which his conscious desires and those of his society were bent, he had attained supernatural power.

The inviting of this power took no such drastic form as it did in the Plains for both violent ambition and torture were contrary to Papago attitudes. Boys were urged to run and to be frugal in their diet but the purpose was not self mortification. Rather it was training them in those physical characteristics which were needed in useful members of society. Even the purification of the Enemy Slayer had its principal use in proving his fortitude for dealing with daily life. The animal Visitants were pleased with the heroes, not because they had made a sacrifice but because they had shown themselves to be swift and enduring like good Papagos.

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[1] Benedict, 1923.

[2] Boscana, 1846, p. 17; Hooper, 1920, p. 335.

[3] Steward, 1933, p. 311; Park. 1934, p. 99; Lowie, 1924, p. 154; Gifford, 1932, pp. 15—65.

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

787 776 171 624 In one respect, the Papago vision differs both from that of the Yumans and that of the Plains. In these areas, the experience is essentially democratic, opening to him who achieves it, every avenue of advance. But the Papago dream brought success only in racing, gambling, war and curing. Planting was taken care of by communal ritual and office, both ceremonial and secular, descended by heredity, without benefit of vision. It seems possible to relate this importance of the hierarchy to Pueblo influence. We have mentioned that the group of officiers in a Papago village is a simplified version of that found in the western Pueblos where, also, office derives from family status. Wheter this group was imposed on a society which already had the vision formula or whether that formula found them already established, they would serve as a barrier to the principle that all avenues were open to the dreamer.

NAMES

553 An experience of adult life which, from the Papago point of view, must be placed among the crucial ones was the receiving of a nickname. This was actually the appellation by which a man was called while his shaman-given name passed into disuse. Women did not receive nicknames but instead were often the givers.

551 A distinguishing characteristic of Papago names is that they usually have more reference to the giver than to the person named. This is the case with shaman-given names which describe something the shaman has seen in a dream. The dream has no connection with the child to be named except that, as is apparent from the examples, dreams referring to flowers and plants are used for women. There may have been other distinctions of the same sort. Some shaman-given names follow:

Men	Women
Circling Light	Rushing Light Beams
Daylight Comes	Rustling Leaves
Wind Rainbow	Wind Leaves
Cloud Rainbow	Blossom Tips
Rainbow Shaman	Feather Leaves
Having a Rainbow as a Bow	Singing Dawn
Shining Beetle	Sifting
Hawk Flying Over Water Holes	Flowers Trembling
Chief of Jackrabbits	Leaves Flying
Crooked Shining	Water Drops on Leaves
Thundering Wings	Leaf Blossoms
Short Wings	Foamy Water
Shining Evening	

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

836 this way of life but simply gave up and allowed her to have her way. If she had children, they would take care of them, since no stigma attached to a fatherless child. The only penalty was that they could not find her a husband, because she was not industrious. But when she was ready to settle down, she frequently found one for herself.

The mother of one informant is reported to have been such a woman. She had wandered to the Altar valley, where she met the young chief (American appointed) of a desert village. "Will you take me to your home?" she proposed. "Would you pick cactus fruit for me, grind my corn and fetch my water?" "Yes. I will pick cactus, grind corn and fetch water." She settled down and spent her life as an industrious wife.

Such incidents were not infrequent. In taking family histories, I several times heard the statement, "He married a light woman", without any other comment than a smile. "The light woman can't help it," informants explain. "Her heart bubbles over" (20). "When you talk to her, she doesn't know what you say. Her heart is outside her, running ahead, to the next dance" (31). Some of the most poetic of Papago songs deal with "the wandering heart" of the light woman.

836 832 753 ●787 Men who were flirtatious and had many sex affairs were also alluded to as playful but they did not form a distinct class like the women. Both men and women might be made ill by dreaming about the playful people. The symptoms were dizziness and lassitude. The cure was to make clay dolls in the form of man and woman and to have someone sing the girl's puberty songs. Lovesick visions were a common ailment and were attributed to several causes. An [824] unidentified root, called tcĭnaca't,[1] was used by men to attract both deer and girls. This root could assume the form of a man, enter a woman's house and cohabit with her after which she would [778] pine. Also the scalps or the Apache effigy in an Enemy Slayer's basket could take the form of a handsome man, and torment women with yearning.

831 825 If anyone, man or woman, thought too much of a person of the opposite sex, even though that person were a spouse, a snake would come and cohabit with the dreamer in the place of the loved one. Many tales are told of people who supposed themselves happily married, while others knew that they were going daily to the arroyo to lie with a snake. The same fate will overtake one who is not yet married and who thinks too much about love. Young people who look dreamy are reprimanded: "What are you mooning about? You must be married to a snake."

[1] cf. Zuni tenatsali.

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

of working hard enough to keep alive. Papago life does not involve the rigid obligations which burden many primitive societies, with their corelative fear of supernatural punishment for omissions. It may have been their very preoccupation with getting food which prevented the Desert People from evolving such a ceremonial framework. Their communal ceremonies are formulae meant to increase the food supply by singing of rain and plenty, but they are enjoyable in themselves and their chief activity is dancing and feasting. 156

However, they provide an outlet for other emotions than those required by the peaceable life. The Papago had a good deal of sex freedom but at certain feasts the rules were abrogated entirely; the monotony of toil and good behavior was lifted and the orgiastic in human temperament had its expression. Chief among these was the communal drinking feast, when it was the duty of men to saturate themselves like plants in the rain and the resulting madness was celebrated in song. On this occasion, men and women were absolved from marriage bonds and the light and "playful" woman was glorified. Two other occasions, the scalp dance and the girl's puberty dance permitted sexual license as they did through out almost all the West. The Papago culture contained strains not completely assimilable to peace and unity. 156 786

Other ceremonies supplied satisfaction to the restless individual. If he could be content to have his major expression in dreaming, there was the vision. Not the vision of the Plains, which could mean violent individualism, torture and keen ambition! The Papago, absorbing the wide-spread conception of the animal guardian and the song, had dimmed its outlines to as great a conformity as possible with their fundamental ideal. They fasted with the partly utilitarian object of growing used to hunger which was their frequent lot and, with the power achieved, to earn meals for the family. Such power, with many peoples who have a similar custom, expresses itself in a song, but with the Papago, the song was the important thing. The temperament to be cultivated was not so much that of the fighter and leader as of the singer and dreamer. All acts of prowess culminated only when the hero, fasting afterward, had dreamed a song and thus the achievements of the executive were made subordinate to those of the artist and creator. But a very moderate achievement in creation was sufficient and failure no detriment. 156 787

The points of stress for the average individual were few. As a child, whether or not he had parents, he had plenty of affection, no punishment and a gradual inculcation into responsibility as early 156

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

Then the girls put the nets on their backs and if one was married and had a baby, she put that on top in its cradle board. Some men went with them with their war arrows because there were Apaches in the land then. They all went running, running. If they saw dust in the distance that they thought was Apaches, they went dodging behind the giant cactus. You see, women had to run in those days. That was what saved their lives. Many hours they had to run, and when they came back every family had two little jars of water to last for the day. But we did not mind. We knew how to use water. We have a word that means thirst-enduring and that is what we were taught to be. Why, our men, when they went off hunting, never drank at all. They thought it was womanish to carry water with them.

My brothers went running off, too. Ah, how we could run, we Desert People; all the morning until the sun was high, without once stopping! My brothers took their bows and arrows and went far off over the flat land.

"Run," my father said to them. "Run until you are exhausted. So you will be a strong man. If you fall down tired, far out in the waste land, perhaps a vision will come to you. Perhaps a hawk will visit you and teach you to be swift. Perhaps you will get a piece of the rainbow to carry on your shoulder so that no one can get near to you, any more than to the rainbow itself. Or maybe Coyote himself will sing you a song that has magic in it."

So they went off in their breechclouts and bare feet, running in the dark when they could hardly see the cactus joints on the ground and the horned toads—rattlesnakes there were not in that cool weather. One of my brothers did really have visions. The others used to come back without him, bringing jackrabbits for our dinner. The little boy would come in much later and never tell where he had been. But we found out long, long after, when he became a medicine man, that he had been lying dead out on the desert all those hours and that Coyote had come and talked to him.

When they were gone my mother would come crawling out. She went to the little enclosure beside our house, made of greasewood bushes piled up in a circle and she got the pot of gruel. We always kept gruel in our house. It was in a big clay pot that my mother had made. She ground up seeds into flour. Not wheat flour—we had no wheat. But all the wild seeds, the good pigweed and the wild grasses. And corn, too! Some summers we could grow corn. All those things my mother kept in beautiful jars in our storehouse. Every day she ground some more and added fresh flour to the gruel and some boiling water. That pot stood always ready so that whoever came in from running could have some. Oh, good that gruel was! I have

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

told the gopher to gnaw their arrows. And I know that they called on our dead warriors who have turned into owls and live in the Apache country to come and tell them where the enemy were. Facing the enemy they sat, while they sang, that they might bring darkness upon him. /59x 533 726

All that time the medicine man sat alone on a little hill waiting for the owl-dead to come to him. He had dreamed of owls himself and so he could speak with them. They always took an Owl-Meeter on to war with them to call the dead who are our spies. /59x 787 726

Soon that medicine man came back to the others and said: "Has anyone some of our old, wild tobacco?" They gave him some. Then he went back and they saw lights when he made two cigarettes. They saw those lights move as cigarettes do when two people are smoking. They heard the medicine man talking, very low, and then they saw both cigarettes thrown away. The medicine man came back and said: "The enemy are at Smooth Ground. We will come up with them at noon tomorrow."

So they did. They jumped on the enemy and fought. When our men go toward an Apache, they do not just walk. They leap. My father got separated from the others, he and one Apache. There was a giant cactus between them. You know a cactus trunk is as wide as a thin man. Each shot at the other, and the other dodged behind the cactus till it was stuck full of arrows to the height of a man. /59x 726

They could both talk a little Spanish, so they shouted at each other. The Apache said: "I am a *man*." My father: "I, also, a *man*!" They threw down their bows and arrows and started wrestling. My father was down. Far away, his brother saw that and came running. He clubbed the Apache from behind. My father got up and clubbed, too. So he was dead and my father and his brother were Enemy Slayers.

They stopped fighting right away because an enemy's death lets power loose. You must take care of yourself until you have tamed that power or it will kill you. You could not stand against arrows with such power around you. You would be like a sick man. You would fall. So they painted their [302] faces black to show what had happened. They carried black paint for that in little deerskin bags. They stood away from the others, and other men who had killed came to join them. /59x 727 778

The leader of the fight saw and he sent an old man who had killed, himself, so that he was not in danger. That man kept them away from the other men the way you keep away people who have a sickness. He made them walk behind the others and camp away from them all the way home. They never mixed their cornmeal for themselves. He mixed it for them—oh, so very little! Brave men do not want to eat when they are getting

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

out in the desert, running, he would drop and lie for an hour or two. Sometimes it happened two or three times between one full moon and another. 159X 756

When it began happening my father and mother called in a medicine man to find out what was the matter. The medicine man only looked at him and blew smoke over him. Then he said: "Let him alone. He is all right. He is learning." So my father and mother were glad. My grandfather had been a medicine man. He had said when he was dying that none of his children would dream as he had but that his grandchildren would. And they did. Yes, I, too. After that we would hear my brother singing at night when we were all lying on our mats. He never told us where he got his songs. But we knew that, when he was dead like that, he met some animal and the animal taught him. Sometimes when a medicine man was singing in our house, my little brother sang with him.

Many medicine men used to come to our house, for we were often sick. In the hungry time before the rains, it used to happen to us. Once, when I was little, we had the owl sickness. My father, my mother, my brothers, and sisters, and I all had it together. We felt sleepy and dizzy and as if [753] our hearts were shaking. We knew it came from the owl, because it always does, but we sent for the medicine man to make sure. Do you do the same?

He came in the evening and my father had tobacco ready for him. He 159X sat and talked for a little while, gossiping about his family, and my father 755 and mother talked with him while we children lay on our sleeping mats. Then he began to sing. It was dark except for the fire and I could just see the rattle going to and fro in his right hand, the way a dog switches its tail. To and fro for the first two songs, up and down for the second two. You cannot tell what a medicine man sings. He sings his dreams and he sings them in a voice that is not like a man's. It takes him many years to learn that strange voice. But at the fourth song sometimes he sings real words and you know what animal came to visit him and taught him.

After the fourth song he smoked a cigarette made in a joint of reed long as my hand, as old cigarettes used to be. He put his hand on our bodies while he smoked to feel the sickness, and he listened and looked out in the dark. I was not frightened when he put his hand on me. My mother had said to me beforehand: "The medicine man will do what he knows and you must not be scared." So I went to sleep.

But my father and mother sang with him all night. He sang one song so often that they learned it. And my little brother sang, too. After every fourth song he smoked a whole cigarette.

Then he took out the crystals which he had to see by. Those are crystals 159X which a man keeps inside his breast. They are little shining things, as long 766 787 826

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

as a finger joint but they cast light like a fire. Some medicine men dream where to find them and they go out in the bare mountains and see them lying there, burning in the sun. Then they swallow them and keep them safe in their hearts. But some men never have to find them. Their crystals grow inside them as a worm can grow. Even if you suck it out, still it grows again. Those are the men who have great power.

Our medicine man had crystals which he had picked up, but he told my father that when he swallowed them, they leaped into his mouth out of his hand and went down his throat like water. He never took them out again because he could see even while they were in his body. While he was sitting there in the house he could see things going on outside and inside, too. Even if someone was coming far away, he could see. At dawn he said to my father: "It's this way. The owls are making you sick."

My father gave him a heifer because we always paid the medicine men well, and then we had to sing away the owls. When an animal is making you sick like that, you sing many songs about him to make him feel better. Any kind of songs. Songs that make you laugh and songs that tell where he lives and songs that say mean things about him. The animal does not care. He likes to be sung about.

People had to be sent for who had dreamed of owls, because that is how all songs come, by dreaming. Owl songs are pretty and even women can dream them. Many owl singers came to our house, and all the neighbors crowded in to listen:

Evening is growing red.
Straight above me the color spreads out
In all directions.
I fly out and hoot at it
Four times.

I learned that song. Later on I dreamed of owls, too. When they sang I felt very peaceful; I knew things would be all right. The singers brushed me off with owl feathers and I went to sleep. At midnight my mother gave them a big meal of succotash and at dawn they went away. In two days we were well.

I used to try to sing owl songs after that. It seemed to me that I was always just going to dream about an owl. But I am not sure if I did.

Every winter there was singing in our house. We had the deer sickness, which makes you swell, and Hit-with-the-Heel came to sing the deer songs. Or we had the turtle sickness which makes you sore, or someone stepped over a snake and we had the snake sickness which makes you vomit. I

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

X 159 755 others blew and cleaned me, too. Then Squirrel Ear sang four songs and then they brushed again. I went to sleep. But they sang and cleansed me all night and my father smoked and sang with them, because he was an Enemy Slayer. Women must not sing those songs, so my mother sat and listened, and at midnight she brought them beans and succotash. They sang the last song at dawn and then they went away.

I began to feel better as soon as they started singing. I had not slept for two days, but I slept that night. In two days I was well.

X 159 ● 787 But I used to dream after that. Sometimes I would think I saw the little men, the Prisoners, climbing down the house posts out of their basket and looking at me. They would point to their mouths and ask for food because, perhaps, my father had not fed them enough. Sometimes, when I was in the desert digging roots, I would see the centipedes and the little red spiders talking together, planning how to make rain. Just after daybreak I would see a coyote darting past the house and I would know he had come to see me.

X 159 532 I knew all about Coyote and the things he can do, because my father told us the stories about how the world began and how Coyote helped our Creator, Elder Brother, to set things in order. Only some men know these stories, but my father was one of them. On winter nights, when we had finished our gruel or rabbit stew and lay back on our mats, my brothers would say to him: "My father, tell us something."

My father would lie quietly upon his mat with my mother beside him and the baby between them. At last he would start slowly to tell us about how the world began. This is a story that can be told only in winter when [825] there are no snakes about, for if the snakes heard they would crawl in and bite you. But in winter when snakes are asleep, we tell these things. Our story about the world is full of songs, and when the neighbors heard my father singing they would open our door and step in over the high threshold. Family by family they came, and we made a big fire and kept the door shut against the cold night. When my father finished a sentence we would all say the last word after him. If anyone went to sleep he would stop. He would not speak any more. But we did not go to sleep.

X 159 796 My father's story told us all about why we hold our big feasts, because Elder Brother showed us how in the beginning of the world. My father went to those feasts and he took us, too, because my father was a song maker and he had visions even if he was not a medicine man. He always made a song for the big harvest festival, the one that keeps the world going right and that only comes every four years.

We all went then, from all over our country to the Place of the Burnt Seeds. We camped together, many, many families together, and we made

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

images of the beautiful things that make life good for the Desert People, like clouds and corn and squash and deer. The men sang about those things and my father made songs. When I was about eight years old, my father once made an image of a mountain out of cactus ribs covered with white cloth. He had dreamed about that mountain and this is the song he made: 159^x 796 [633]

There is a white shell mountain in the ocean
Rising half out of the water.
Green scum floats on the water
And the mountain turns around.

The song is very short because we understand so much. We can understand how tall and white the mountain was, and that white shell is something precious, such as the handsome men of old used to have for their necklaces, and it would shine all across the earth as they walked. We understand that as that mountain turns, it draws the clouds and the birds until they all float around it. All those things my father told me when he used to sing that song in our house. I did not understand, though, when I was a little girl and went to the harvest festival. I was afraid of the singers with their masks. There were clowns with masks, too, white masks with little holes for eyes. The clowns bless people, and one put his hand out to bless me, but I ducked under it and ran. [293]

Only afterward I used to dream of the white clown. Perhaps it was because some day I was going to marry one. It may be, for I have magic dreams. I am one who understands things. [787]

When we came home that year there was sickness at Mesquite Root. It was a bad sickness that came to everybody in the whole village, sent by an evil medicine man. We all had it: my father, my mother, all my brothers and sisters. The singers gathered in the big house and sang. You understand now that our way to cure everything and to take care of everything, is to sing. 159^x 755

Then the medicine men took branches of a kind of cholla cactus. Oh, very thorny that cactus is, covered with white thorns, and people say they jump out at you and catch you, so hard they stick. Everything in the world sticks to that cactus, so we say the sickness will stick to it, too. The medicine men went with their branches into every house, gathering up the sickness on those thorns. I remember, because I was not so sick as the others, how little boys came after them, making fun of them and waving greasewood branches. But we do not mind those things. We know the children do not understand. They took the sickness away and buried it at the north of the village. [855]

My little brother sang a great deal in the house after those things hap- 159^x 756

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

X 159 pened. Of course he could not tell us what he was dreaming because that 767 would spoil his power. But I will tell you what he did, long after that, when all knew he could cure. Some men were at our house and they were laughing at him. They said: "You cannot be a medicine man. What can you do?"

My brother stooped down and drew a ring on the ground. Then he picked up some smooth little pebbles that were lying there on the desert. He spit on the stones, pff! and threw one up into the air. It fell in the circle and it looked as though a baby quail was hatching out of an egg. We saw its eyes and its bill; it was wobbling and trying to run. He spit on the other stone, pff! and threw it up. It fell in the circle and there was another quail. The two went fluttering around the circle. Then he took them up one by one, spit on them, and they were stones again.

X 159 I could not go into the desert like my brother. I had no time; I had to 787 work. But in those days I used to see things around me that no one else saw. Once a song came to me. I cannot tell you when it came but I think it was when I was very little. You see, I come of a singing family. It is natural for us to see strange things and to make songs. This came when I had been sick once. I was lying still in the house with everybody gone, and I dreamed that Coyote came to me as he must have come to my brother so many times. I saw him lying asleep on the desert, though I was in the house. Then I saw him get up, shake himself a little and look at me. Then he sang:

[523]

Very sleepy
Yonder he slept
Then getting up
He sang to me
Ai-i-i!
I sway to and fro
To and fro.

I used to sing that around the house, but not the words. I just made noises. I knew one must not tell if he had seen Coyote. But I saw other things, too. I would see a spider on the central post of the house, who stopped and looked at me, just ready to speak. And in the desert, when I saw a little gray horned toad just in front of my foot, it looked at me as though it understood something.

I was always running about in those days, looking at these things, acting strange. My mother saw it and she did not think it was right. She told me to keep to my work, for I was nearly old enough to grind the corn. Then once we went to the Cleared Land to visit a brother of my grand-

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

mother. My father asked him to sing over me to see what was the matter. 159x 787
He sang all night, and in the morning he said: "You could be a medicine woman." "That cannot be," said my father. "We have one medicine man in the house and it is enough." So the medicine man said he would take out my crystals. He leaned over me and sucked them out of my breast, one by one. They were as long as the joint of my little finger, white and moving a little. He said: "Look, I have taken them out before they got big." Then he made a hole in a giant cactus and put them inside. Then he looked at me and said: "They will grow again, for it is a gift."

IV

In the summer everyone came home to our village and we planted corn. 159x
The corn was once a man and he lured a woman away to sleep with him. 243
She stayed a long time, and when she came home, she knew the songs that made the corn grow. So when the men all went to their meeting, this man did not go but he stayed at home hearing his wife sing. The men from the meeting came to speak to him. "Why are you absent?" "Because I am listening to my wife." "How can it be that a man can learn more from a woman than from talking with us? Let us hear her, too." [533]

So she came to the men's meeting and she sat between the chief and her husband. "Sing." And she sang the corn songs.

At the first song those men began to sing. At the second, they danced. At the third, the women came out of the houses, creeping to the council house to listen to the singing. At the fourth, they were all dancing, inside the council house and outside, to that woman's singing.

We sang those songs as we put the corn into the earth, but it was the men who sang, for women do not do those things now. We stood ready with the corn kernels while the men sang, then we went down the field together, each woman behind a man. The man dropped his stick into the soft earth, thud! As deep as my hand is long. The woman dropped in four corn kernels and scraped her bare toes over that red earth to cover them.

Then the corn came up. The fair stalks, the thick root, the broad leaves.

I saw the tassels waving in the wind
And I whistled softly for joy. [533]

My father used to sing that at night while the corn was growing.

I used to like it in the summer time when all our friends and relatives were around us. The houses were scattered all over the flat land; round brush houses like ours. In every house there were women grinding corn, [361] [342]

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

I did not know just when the time would be, but I knew that I felt pain when I stooped out of our little door. I said to my husband's aunt: "I think I will go to the Little House. I would not like such a dreadful thing to happen as for me to be caught inside the house in childbirth." "Well, go," she said. This was the first I had said to her or to my mother-in-law either, the whole thing being so new.

There was a gully behind our house and the Little House was on the other side of it. When I reached the near edge of that gully, I thought I had better run. I ran fast; I wanted to do the right thing. But I dropped my first baby in the middle of the gully. My aunt came and snipped the baby's navel string with her long finger nail. Then we went on to the Little House. My sisters-in-law said to me afterward: "Why didn't you tell us? We didn't know you were suffering in there. We heard you laughing." I said: "Well, it wasn't my mouth that hurt. It was my middle."

I stayed in the Little House, for that was what my father had told me to do. "When you have your first baby, don't come into the house. Stay out until the moon comes around again. Then go to the medicine man and be cleansed."

So I stayed alone there for a month, and the family brought me raw food, which I cooked. I ate no salt until the end of the baby's navel string fell off, so his navel would not be sore. Then my husband and I and the baby went to the medicine man, and he gave us all white clay to eat as he had given me when I became a maiden. But he did not give my baby a name. We were modern and I let a priest name him, Bastian.

It was nice in our house. My young brothers-in-law had married and I had their two wives to keep me company. Feather Leaves was one, and Singing Dawn. We girls did the cooking for my mother-in-law and left her to her baskets. At night when we ladled the gruel out of the pot, we all ate two and two, each married couple with one bowl, drinking by turns.

My mother-in-law managed our work. "Come," she would say, "get your carrying baskets. Let us go for food."

So we would go laughing out over the flat land to dig the roots or up in the hills to cut the cholla. I carried my baby in its cradle board on top of the carrying net. While we picked into a smaller basket, I leaned the carrying net against a tree and balanced the baby on top.

Once I was digging roots like that and I got very tired. I made a pile of earth with my digging stick, put my head on it and lay down. In front of me was a hole in the earth made by the rains, and there hung a gray spider, going up and down, up and down, on its long thread. I began to go to sleep and I said to it: "Won't you fall?"

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

Then the spider sang to me: 159x 787

Gray spider
Magic making
At the cave entrance hanging
Do not think I shall fall.
Twice I go up and down
And I return again
Therefore I am hanging, hanging here.

Our men went to hunt deer on the hills, because those summer days are when the does are big with young and taste sweet. Or else they worked in our field. There were so many men that we girls did not have to help weed the corn. But we took cactus syrup out to the field, mixed with water, that the men might drink it while they knelt on the hot earth, pulling a mesquite stick to and fro to cut off the weeds. They were going to be medicine men, all three of our husbands, and perhaps they already had visions, but they worked like other men. Ah, that was a clever household! Three medicine men and one man-woman. 159x 224 241

We girls used to spend all day with that man-woman, Shining Evening. She went off with us to gather plants and she could carry more than any of us and dig longer. She ground corn with us, all taking turns at my mother-in-law's grinding slab. 159x 838

Our husbands used to tease us girls. "How do we know these children running around the house belong to us! We are away in the mountains all the time and in the fields. It is Shining Evening who is with the women." Then they would laugh and say to the babies: "Run along! Over there is your daddy!" When they got us alone they would say: "Is he really all right?" We said: "Yes, Just like a woman. We have forgotten he is a man."

When the summer was over and the pond dried up Where the Water Whirls Around, we took our babies and went moving over the hills, following the water. Over the mountains where you call it Mexico, there were more of our people who had water ditches in their fields. We worked for them and they gave us food. With many other villages we went, as if to war, because of the Apaches. We sent word all around with little sticks, ten or twelve, so that people might count them and know the day when we were going. Then we started out, the children and the bedding and a small grinding stone on a horse, and we women running beside with our carrying nets, with all the pots, and perhaps the baby on top. Far up in the hills, our husbands went running with their bows and arrows, looking for deer, and sometimes they met us with loads of meat on their backs. 159x 221 464

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

cil house fermented. Sometimes now it does not ferment in the right time, but then it always did. Then the Blackface came in the morning to call us to the Sit-and-drink. We sat in a circle outside the council house, and four medicine men sat in that circle at north, south, east, and west. My father-in-law was always one, and I sat beside him to help sing. Oh, I had a loud voice then.

They passed the liquor to the medicine men, and those men cleaned it, rubbing their hands around the basket. Then we drank, all of us, one after the other, from a cup gourd that the cup bearer dipped in the basket. Ours is good liquor. It does not make you fight and think unhappy thoughts. It only makes you sing. We sang, nodding our heads slowly back and forth, for that is the right way at the Sit-and-drink.

When the liquor was all gone we went to the houses. Each woman had brewed liquor for herself. She mixed it well and buried it in the earth to keep warm, saying to it: "Now I put you in the earth. Do you ferment and let us get beautifully drunk."

So we went to our relatives' houses, my husband and I together. He held my hand to keep me safe, and I had the baby on my back and one little child by the hand. The big ones we left home on the housetop as my mother had done. When we came to a house, the people held out the gourd to us. We drank it all and then we covered it with a song: that is what we call it. I had songs that I had learned from my father. After I had sung, they called me by the term of kinship, as we do, and said: "A fine song." I always had plenty to drink because I could sing.

When we wanted to rest from drinking, we went to our own house because no family may drink its own liquor. If we did that, our houses would burn; it would be taking back what you have given. So we held out the gourd to the others and listened to their songs. Then we vomited and were rested and went out again.

VIII

My husband was a Coyote-Meeter. That is, when he had his medicine man's dreams, it was our comrade, Coyote, who came to him and sang him songs. It began when he went with the other men to the ocean to get salt, for that is where all our young men go when they want to meet some spirit. They gather the salt, and then they run along that great sandy place where the water is and where there are white birds flying over head. It was those white birds that had sung to my father, but with my husband it was different.

Running along alone, he saw a dead coyote on the sand. He stopped.

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

That coyote rose up and said: "Do you want to see something?" "Yes." My husband died right there and the coyote carried him away.

The other men wanted to go home and they said: "Where is he?" But the leader knew about these things. "He must have Met something. Let him alone."

Next morning my husband awoke and found himself lying by that dead coyote. He went back to the others but he never told them what he had seen.

Only after that he used to go out at night and Meet the coyotes. He would leave early in the evening and come back looking sick or drunk. The coyotes had killed him and taught him while he was dead. He did not tell us this in the house, but we all understood. The same thing was happening to his two brothers and had happened to his father before him. It was coyote who Met them all.

After a while the people began to know that he had something. They would ask him to come and find their sicknesses for them, because people have great faith in a young medicine man. They think he has more power than an old one; he has not used it up. My husband had got himself a gourd rattle and some eagle feathers. We get our gourds down in Mexico where they grow them large and beautiful. He glued a handle on one with some mesquite gum and put some pebbles inside; nice little pebbles that you find in the wash among the ants. He got eagle feathers from an old man and tied them on a handle, four of them, tied two and two, beautifully wound about with string. He went to the houses and sat all night, rattling the gourd and singing, and they gave him clothes and food. We got rich.

Six children I had by my husband, for he was a strong man. I never had any trouble in childbirth. And I could tell what sex they would be before they were born. If the movement in my womb were strong, it would be a boy. I had five boys. I was unlucky with them, though. As soon as a new one came, the one before it died. I know a great deal about children, now that I am old, and I think it was the milk. We nurse our children till long after they can walk and talk. We must. We have no cow's milk. What would they eat? But my husband was such a strong man. The children came so fast. I was always nursing one while another was coming, and then the nursing one died.

Perhaps, though, it was only diseases that came by bad luck. That is what my husband said. He treated our children; they were among the first he sang for. One had jackrabbit sickness, which is a sort of coughing and choking that comes to a child so it cannot breathe. Another had dog sickness. I suppose a dog must have breathed on me with its hot breath before the

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

child was born, because the baby had hot breath for days and days before it died.

I always knew when my children were to die. I am one who knows things, because, even though they took my crystals out, there was always something in me. Once, when my baby was sick, I dreamed that I was passing through a wash. A woman sat there with a child, and its hair was blowing back as though it was in the water, only the wash was dry. I said: "What are you doing here?" "We live here." I knew that meant something strange was coming.

Another time I dreamed that someone who seemed a medicine man again led me to a wash. It was full of babies and children, big and little, all crawling around over each other, like worms. "What does it mean?" I asked that man who took me. "It means all your children are going to die. You will have no children at your house."

But I saved one child, a girl. I gave her to my mother to nurse, because an old woman can nurse with us, as well as young ones. That girl grew up. She used to sit on my head when I was running along with the carrying basket, sometimes with another baby on top of it. I took her out to the hills with me when I was gathering fruit and cactus.

"Never step over a snake," I told her, "nor even the trail of a snake for you will have the vomiting sickness. Don't step on a horned toad, it will make you foot sore. And you must learn the difference between the big ants who are the medicine men and who sting and the little kind ants that will not hurt you."

When all our family camped for days and days, to bake the cholla buds, we made a little enclosure of boughs for our children. "Stay there and do not play hard. You will be thirsty and drink up our water." So they made dolls out of leaves and played at grinding corn with sand and little flat stones. Sometimes the children brought us something to eat. In the Month of Rain, when the birds got their feathers wet in the thunder storms so they hopped along the ground and could not fly, then our children would chase them and catch them in their hands. Doves and woodpeckers they brought in to us, and we roasted them on a spit with the feathers on.

We like children, you know. We talk to them quietly and tell them what to do, but we do not scold. When our children are running about the house, in and around everything, we let them run. If they break something, then that thing is just broken. We do not say anything. Sometimes they run across the circle when we are dancing. Or when the medicine man is going about with his branch of thorns, removing sickness, they might try to grab it. No one would speak about that. We like them to be happy.

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

whole head and closes that soft spot which really comes because the head has fallen in.

My husband knew this and I have heard him tell mothers about it. But the mothers could not do the pushing. It must be a person with power.

I do not think it was crystals, for I was too old to have them grow within me any longer. Yet once, when I was at cactus camp, I was sick. We did not have a medicine man; my husband and his brothers were far away. I lay there, and my head spun round, and I was hot and cold. Then, out of the desert, a furry, gray coyote came trotting to me. He blew on me as the medicine man blows and I felt cool. I began to sing:

Coyote, my comrade
Hither ran.
To the end of his tail
A cloud was tied.

I felt that cool beautiful cloud, and I saw how funny Coyote looked, waving it over me and running away. I got well.

Then one day, when my daughter was twelve years old, my husband took another wife.

IX

One day I went with my little girl to buy meat at a neighbor's house where they had just butchered. I came back and, under our arbor, there sat a girl. The relative that lived next door to us called over and said: "My elder sister, your husband's married."

Most men did not take two wives with us then, but the medicine men always did. In fact, they took four. But I had never thought my husband would do it. You see, we married so young, even before I had really become a maiden. It was as if we had been children in the same house. I had grown fond of him. We starved so much together.

The other woman spoke to me. "I see you're his wife. You had better take care of him. It's not my fault." I knew that. I knew they brought her over to our house just the way my mother brought me. Perhaps she did not know he had a wife till I came back from buying meat. I said: "I know it isn't your fault. But I am going home."

I piled my clothes in a basket, and I put in a large butcher knife. I thought if he followed, I would kill him. Then I took my little girl and went away. It was late evening. I went to the house of a relative and asked to stay the night, and early before morning stands up, I got up to walk to Mesquite Root, across the valley. Before I started, my husband came. He

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

sent for that second wife and she came, but he did not want her. He used to scratch her arms as she sat beside him. Then he would stretch out his arms and call for me. In the month of giant cactus ripening, he died.

His brother came to tell me. I cried. I used to go behind a hill, away from the house, and cry half the day. He almost took me with him. Does this happen to the Whites? I kept thinking at night that the door would open and he would take me by the hand. I would cry out. My new husband said: "What is wrong? You always cry." I told him. "He comes and pulls me up." Next day, my husband said nothing. He got on a horse and rode far off there to the grave. He said: "Leave her alone. It's your own fault. If you come for her again, I'll dig you up and burn your bones." After that, the dead was quiet.

X

I came to that old man at watermelon time. When the acorns were ripe I was pregnant, and next year, when they were baking cactus buds, I had a son. I had no trouble with my children by this man. Both sons they were and both grew up. Perhaps, it was because they did not come so fast. The man was old. There were three years between them.

Standing Rock was a nice place under the hill slope, with a big rock standing out like an eagle's beak just above us. There was a pond there for my husband's horses to drink; the yucca that we use for our baskets grew up on the hill; and there was good clay for pots. In the winter, when the horse pond dried up, we did not go to Mexico as my first husband's family did. We went to Tucson and worked for the white people.

In Tucson, we had a shack with mattresses in it. We could go to stores and buy chili and salt to eat with our food. And white flour that we did not have to grind. But I have never liked white flour. I feel sick and weak when I eat it. Now that I am old, I cry to my grandchildren: "Get me corn meal flour. Or flour from the cactus seeds. Then I shall eat again."

I had strange dreams in Tucson. Once when we were there, my husband killed a jackrabbit and brought it to me to cook. I said: "Go get some chili for me to cook it with." So he went away and then I heard someone walking round the house. I began to feel dizzy and sick in the heart. I picked up the scissors to defend myself. But the steps went away. I stuck the scissors in the thatch. Then I cooked the rabbit and we had supper.

But at night, in my dreams, the rabbit came to me. It was a little girl. It showed me its ripped skin and said: "Why did you do this to me? Don't you know it is I that make you sick?" I felt crazy.

The next day my husband found a medicine man come in from the desert to sell acorns. That medicine man sang and fanned me. "It is dan-

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

gerous," he said. "That rabbit had eaten a magic root. It was driving her mad, because she is one who has dreams. It is easy to make her wild. If I had not come to stop it, she might have killed one of you." It is true, I was looking at our pot stones, thinking of taking one up and throwing it. 159x 766

But we only stayed in Tucson in the winter. In summer, we came back to Standing Rock and made cider and planted corn like other people. But I did not get used to Standing Rock as I had to Where the Water Whirls Around. I used to like to go back to Mesquite Root to visit. 159x

Once when I was there, a sickness came. We called it the falling hair sickness, and no one could cure it because it came from the Whites. It spread all over the country, as far as the River People. The medicine men went round with the thorny branch and tried to carry it out, but they could not catch it. In Mesquite Root, we buried a child every morning and another every night. I was glad I had no children but my daughter, and she was grown up then. But I got sick myself.

Very sick I was, half dead. Then, as I lay on the floor in my father's house, it seemed to me that two women came. One was a dead relative of mine and one was the Virgin Mary whom I had seen in the Catholic church in Tucson. They said to me: "You're sick, but get up. We want to show you something." They took me by either arm to a house like a church. They showed me a holy picture and a rope reaching to it. "Pull yourself up!" I started to do it. "Don't look down." But I looked down and I fell back into bed. They said: "If you had gone up, you would have been cured and would have known something. But we will take you elsewhere." 159x 787

They took me to a square hole, wide as my arm to the elbow, and with just a little water in it. At each corner was a candle, but they were not candles, they were the blue stones which we think have magic power. That hole with the water in it, was all blue inside. Out of it peeped a baby's head, and I saw that the soft spot on the top of the head was moving.

That is the soft spot that makes babies sick. It is very soft when they are born and it ought to grow hard. But sometimes it does not and then the baby will not nurse. I had seen babies like that brought to my first husband, so now I looked, but I did not dare touch that baby I saw.

The women said: "Take your crystal, suck it and spit on the baby." I did it and the soft place stopped moving. Then it grew hard and it was healed. We moved around the water. At each corner we stopped, I saw the baby, and I spit on it again. So I learned how to cure.

When I got well, I began to cure babies. But no! I did not spit on them. That was a dream to give me power. I did what I had seen my husband do; pushed up inside their mouths to push up the soft spot. That is a good way; 159x 755

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

"Cleanse me!" So he comes and blows over them and then they are well.

People used to come to my husband even when we were home again at Standing Rock. Any one who had done wrong at the harvest feast would come to him; those who had danced or sung wrong or, maybe, fallen down when they were carrying some sacred thing. That can make you very sick, perhaps, so that you cannot walk any more.

My husband would put on his white mask, with the big bunch of turkey feathers on top. He kept that mask in a jar, far out in the hills behind our house. You must not keep such things near you. They are too strong. Perhaps you would die from their power. But he would go out all alone and get it, and come back from the north, wearing it. Then he would blow on the people. If they were very sick indeed, he had to have singers to sing the harvest songs and make the harvest feast again for that sick man. That is the way to get well.

When my oldest boy was twelve years old, my brother died, back at Mesquite Root. That was the brother who was a medicine man. He had been well known for a long time. He used to give the white clay to drink to maidens and to babies. Often I have seen him mix it up with owl feathers though no one is supposed to know that is how he does. But there are many medicine men in my family. I know.

My brother had two children and a wife, but all of them died. He could not stop it; I think it was the power of some evil medicine man. Then he himself got sick. A medicine man tried to suck out the sickness but it was too late; he was already spoiled inside. There was no one at Mesquite Root to take care of him now; my mother was very old. So I went back to stay. He lived two months and he taught me many cures. "Now you must stand in my place," he said. And he told all the people: "I am going to die but she will take care of you."

He told me how to cure sick people by rubbing up and down their legs. I can feel if there is a lump inside them and I work it out smooth. Sometimes I give them castor oil. Do you think I did not learn that from my brother? I do not know. I am old and have had many visions. He told me how to put a feather in my mouth, and after that, to spit blood. I can do that, but when I have the blood, I do not throw it away; I swallow it. This is a very mysterious thing. I tell few people that I have such power.

I got the feather in a magic way. I was sitting in the evening in our doorway, waiting for my son to come home from tending the horses. A little bird came and sat above the door and began calling. I did not understand. But at night, when I was asleep, the bird came again, and then, in my dreams, I could understand. He said: "You think I am only a little

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

bird, but it is I who make the night go and the morning come with my singing." He sang a little tune:

I am the kukuli bird
You do not know
You do not know.

Next day I found the feather he had dropped when he sat above the door and that is the feather I use.

Coyote came to me after that. I belong to the Coyote division of our people and he comes to us; never to the Buzzards. He came when I was asleep at night and said: "Look. A time will come when this world will end. People are dying now." I knew that. It seemed to me I heard all the time that some one was dead. We never used to hear that. Only once in a while, a long while, word would come that some old person was gone. But now we hear it all the time.

Coyote said: "If you want to, you can cure them. If not, they will die." I said: "I'll see."

Then he showed me how to take the blood that I could draw from a feather and rub it on a sick man's body, where his own blood did not run. That is what makes people sick. Their blood does not run. But Coyote told me: "Don't fool them. If you find you can't cure, sit back. Do nothing." Then he sang this song about himself; how he tried to cure and could not:

Coyote, my comrade
Spit on his fingertips
One by one.

He put his hands on the sick man
And felt around
"Haya, sickness!
I can't find you!"

I tried
I could not see.
I sat back.

So always I sit back if I cannot cure. But I could have cured if I had not given away my crystals. Yes, I could have done much.

XI

My sons grew up. The first one we called Vincenzo but he bought the name Two Bits from another man because he liked it. We say that name in our language, of course. It sounds good.

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

We married Two Bits when he was seventeen. Some people came to us and said: "We have a daughter. She was married to a man, but that man went away to the White school, and when he came back he did not take her." "She is older than your son," they said, "but she is industrious. She may be some help to him." We said: "It is true she is older, but we have seen her work. She may be a help."

So we told our son and he said nothing. Her mother brought us that girl, and ever since she has stayed with us and behaved herself like a woman. Some wives are like this; when their husbands are away, they run out to visit. She never does. She is always home working. Many children she and my son had, so that I have grandchildren and great-grandchildren. They live still in that flat place at Standing Rock, and when I go there, they have cactus seed for me to eat.

I went there last year before the husband of my granddaughter died. That man was sick and I could do nothing for him. I sat in their house making baskets, and a little blackbird came and drank out of the water I use to wet the fibres. I told one of my grandchildren to chase the bird away, and it went into the corner of the room. That night the bird came to me. It said: "Why did you chase me from your water? Don't you know I will need it?" I knew that man would die. So that day he did. The next night he came again, with black feathers and a cow tail. "See," he said, "how pitiful I look." I knew the devil took him.

My second son was a medicine man. Ah, that one would have been great! When he was small, he acted strange; his heart was feeling something coming. He would run out in the night, and his father would run after him and find him lying face down in the greasewood. Maybe something had come after him and taken him away.

Once, when a rattlesnake bit me, he cured me. I was picking beans among the weeds in our garden and, along with a handful of beans, I grabbed the snake. I had hold of him near the head but he turned his head back and bit my wrist. My son killed the snake. Then he chewed some greasewood leaves and put them on the little hole where it had bit me. He made a mark with a buzzard's feather all around my wrist and told the poison not to go beyond that mark. Then he split the feather and tied the two pieces into a string. He bound that string around my wrist, tight, and the poison never went beyond it. Two nights it hurt me and my hand swelled, but not beyond where my son had made the mark.

He used to bring birds home to the house and keep them; he could speak with birds. Once he kept a hawk in our house and killed jackrabbits for it. Once I saw him coming home in the evening after he had been after the

5: Castetter & Bell N-5 (1938-1940 1942
NU28 Papago NU28
Pima NU29

Pi Pa 241 789 635 was taboo, but due to dryness of the soil. Any village which found it convenient held the first ceremony and "caused the rain," then other villages in succession held celebrations during the summer to insure the continuation of rains. One custom was to erect two poles outdoors, about fifteen feet apart, and stretch a rope between them; on this shamans tied eagle feathers, symbolical of clouds, and all danced around these ceremonial objects.

Pi Pa 241 789 787 Pima informants spoke of a "rain calling" ceremony in which certain groups of people got together in the council house for the purpose of bringing rain. Runners were sent out into every part of the village to secure all available sotol mats, then four posts were erected in a square and the mats arranged around these to form an enclosure, leaving an entrance at the east. Large baskets were placed upside down around the wall, inside the enclosure. Three shamans sat near the west wall, facing the east, with singers behind the baskets. Before each shaman was placed a large bowl containing eagle down, symbolic of clouds, and laid beside the bowls were tail feathers of an eagle. Using notched wooden rasping sticks, the musicians made a peculiar noise by drawing these over the baskets, and all joined in the singing. This was done four times. At certain stages each shaman took all the eagle down from the bowl in front of him, grasped it tightly in his left hand, rubbed it with his right hand and held it to the west, rubbed it again and held it toward the east, and so on in all directions. Then, changing the feathers to his right hand, he moved around in front of the baskets shaking the feathers toward the singers.

This ceremony was carried on during the entire night, and, at its close, the shamans revealed what they had "seen" during the night and prophesied how many days would elapse before it rained.

This is doubtless the "rain-calling" ceremony referred to

5: Castetter & Bell N-5 (1938-1940 1942
NU28 Papago NU28
Pima NU29

by Hrdlicka,[2] held by the Pima during the long dry spell ending in the spring of 1905, in which notched sticks of greasewood *(Sarcobatus vermiculatus)* were rubbed along smaller plain sticks.

A modification of the above was the performance of a growing season ritual, held just before crop plants began to set fruit. Singers lined up along the edges of a field, each equipped with a notched rasping stick of creosote which he drew over a plain, slender creosote stick. Starting at the western end of the field, the singers, led by a shaman, moved around its edge until they arrived at the eastern end, meanwhile accompanying noise of the rasps with singing. They used no other ceremonial equipment, and the purpose of the performance was to call upon higher powers to give the people a good crop of well-developed fruits.

Informants said that formerly there was more rain in the Papago and Pima country; the reason for this was that the world was then newer and had greater power, also that more rigid observance of the ceremonies increased the rain.

One of the important Papago group ceremonies was the harvest festival. The Papago villages in the Santa Rosa Valley held this ceremony of Vikita jointly at the end of November or in early December, presumably every fourth year (in the southern part of Papaguería every year). However, its actual occurrence at Santa Rosa depended largely upon a successful harvest rather than the passing of any stated interval. This festival has been described in some detail by Lumholtz, Mason and Davis,[3] although the ceremony discussed by Davis, held in August at Quitobaquito, in Sonora, was accompanied by the drinking of much sahuaro wine, a feature obviously missing in early winter at Santa Rosa. The purpose of this ceremony was to invoke the higher power to give the people a good crop, to bring rain, free

[2] Hrdlicka, *Notes on the Pima of Arizona*, p. 41.

[3] Lumholtz, *New Trails*, pp. 92-8; Mason, *The Papago Harvest Festival*; Davis, *The Papago Ceremony of Vikita*.

5: Castetter & Bell N-5 (1938-1940) 1942
NU28 Papago NU28
Pima NU29

number of comparisons between the Pima and the Pueblos, or by Underhill or Whiting,[7] the general situation has its counterpart among the Pueblo Indians.

Another Pueblo resemblance is seen in the assertion of some Pima informants that, if a man accidentally cut off a stalk of corn while hoeing, it was buried in the field, or tucked under his belt and carried home at night. He felt very badly about the experience for corn was his very life. It was just like "killing his own life," or injuring a friend. Papago had no such outlook. When a Papago cut off a stalk of corn he too felt badly, but this was due purely to economic considerations. However, one informant said that, if the hoes of two persons struck together while hoeing, it was an omen that enemies were coming, so the workers quit and prepared for them. This, too, has its Pueblo counterpart. Still another Pueblo resemblance is seen in the statement of one Pima informant that planting was always started in the east of the field and proceeded toward the west.

It is customary among the Pueblos for the people of a village to prepare, plant, hoe, irrigate and harvest the cacique's field, which in reality is a community field. Among the Pimans, it was not uncommon for the people in a village to take care of the chief's or headman's field, although this was never out of ritualistic considerations as among the Pueblos, but for purely practical reasons. Their view was that if the chief were too busily engaged with tribal matters to look after his farming it was only fair for his people to assist. It was in no sense compulsory.

Pimans, particularly younger women, carefully avoided branched or twin ears of corn, but these were commonly used to provide cornmeal for ceremonies. Informants said that women refrained from eating such ears because they feared having twins, which were regarded as an ill omen.

There was no ceremonial sexual restriction at harvest or

[7] Underhill, *op. cit.*, p. 124; Whiting, *Ethnobotany of the Hopi*, p. 45.

[For information about songs revealed in dreams by spirits of recently dead persons, see also category 775.]

6: Densmore E-5 (1920) 1929NU28 Papago NU28

The spirits of dead Apache were believed to cause three sorts of illness: (1) Koŏp, which might affect persons of any age, at any time; (2) Komotan, which affected warriors and unborn children; and (3) Hivicolita, which affected children. The first and second were induced by failure to show respect toward the spirit of the dead Apache and the third frequently attacked the children of warriors who had not undergone the ordeal of purification after killing Apache. Food was taken to the warriors and they were expected to bury any fragments that remained. If one of their children came to the place at a later time, found scraps of food and ate them, the children would develop the Hivicolita sickness. Children who disturbed a "spirit basket" or treated it with disrespect were similarly afflicted. (See pp. 188 and 195.)

The owl is the bird associated with the dead, and owl feathers sometimes taught the songs used in treating this class of diseases, but a majority of the songs, as stated, were received from spirits of the dead. A doctor could give his songs to another if he so desired, or he could transmit the power to treat these diseases and the man could get his songs from some other source. The songs are in groups of four, such a group being called a "rest." The song is sung through twice, then the latter portion is sung twice, while a gourd rattle is shaken. The manner of shaking the rattle depends on the instructions received by the doctor in his dream. For example, some doctors are instructed to "roll" the rattle four times before beginning a song, while others shake the rattle sharply four times before they begin to sing. Garcia, who recorded a majority of the songs in this section, preceded his songs by a continuous "roll" of the rattle. The rhythmic form of these songs is different from that of similar songs among tribes already studied. The words are poetic and do not contain the affirmation which characterized the healing songs of the Chippewa.

The songs of one locality differ from those of another and the place where a song "belongs" or originated is always kept in mind. The first two Koŏp songs here presented (Nos. 62 and 63) and the two Komotan songs are "used back in the country," while the other five Koŏp songs are used in the vicinity of San Xavier. If these songs were sung apart from their proper use they might produce the diseases they were intended to cure. In such a case it was necessary that the man be treated by one who was skillful in the use of songs.

One of the informants related his own experience, saying he knew many of the songs used in treating these classes of diseases and once became so interested in them that he sang them continually. He said that "his head was full of these songs." His father warned him that trouble would result but he continued singing them. After a time he developed the symptoms of the illnesses which were caused by Apache spirits and he suffered greatly until a medicine man came and

6: Densmore E-5 (1920)1929 NU28 Papago NU28

in the middle (wahpolihita), which were collected by the Navico and given to persons who remained all day in the ceremonial inclosure. More important than this was the making of representations of everything that was desired in abundance and depended on water for its existence, such as cattle, horses, birds, corn, pumpkins, beans, cane, and wheat, also representations of the cactus and of clouds. Some of these were large, the image of a cactus being 4 feet high but made of material so light that it could be carried by two men. A large representation of the sun was made of "something shiny." A certain man, expert in the making of the images, went from one village to another inspecting the work. He was the last man who knew the formal speeches that should precede the songs in the ceremony but he died in 1919 leaving no son, therefore his knowledge of the origin and traditions of this remarkable ceremony has perished.

It appears that not every person could carry one of these representations, for Mattias Encinas related a dream which, he said, entitled him to this privilege. He said that he could have made a representation of a cloud and carried it in the ceremony but so many others carried clouds that he never availed himself of this privilege. Encinas' son was the writer's interpreter and did not know of his father's dream until it was related and the song recorded for this work. It is a peculiarity of Papago music that the songs received in dreams are in groups of four. If more than four songs are received by one man he receives another entire group of four. The melody is often alike in the songs of the group but the words are different, constituting them "different songs" in the mind of the Indian.

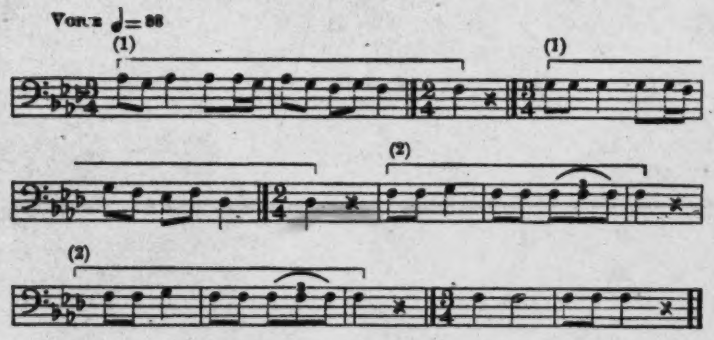
Mattias Encinas said that when he was a child he attended a Viikita ceremony and wondered why the ceremony was held and why some of the men were dressed as clowns. As he grew older he sang the songs which he heard, being careful to observe the rule that these songs must never be whistled. By the time he was about 16 years old he had attended two or three of these ceremonies, and it was at this time that he had a series of dreams, one occurring every night for a period of four nights. In these dreams he saw spirits, heard them sing, and learned their songs. The first night they were close to him, they sang and walked backward until they disappeared. The next night they came again, singing, but farther away; the third night they were still farther away, and the fourth night they were so far away that he could scarcely hear them, but by that time he had learned the songs.

6: Densmore E-5 (1920) 1929NU28 Papago NU28

No. 98. "Clouds are Approaching"

X533

(Catalogue No. 1074)

Recorded by MATTIAS ENCINAS

WORDS

Šiâli	thañthañiŏ	cûrcûŋgi	coco	kañowa
East	side	clouds	standing	approaching
múmûko	nurkaj	coko	thoâhi	
far	rain far away	raining here	thunder	

TRANSLATION

Clouds are standing in the east, they are approaching,
It rains in the distance,
Now it is raining here and the thunder rolls.

[187] *Analysis.*—This is the first of a set of four songs received in dreams by this singer and, as it is typical of the group, it is the only one which is transcribed. The others contain the same tones (with one exception) and only a slight difference in rhythm. Several renditions were recorded and are alike in every respect. The song contains only two intervals larger than a whole tone. The absence of the fifth and prominence of the sixth are interesting peculiarities.

The other songs of the group have the following words:

(2)

Green rock mountains are thundering with clouds.
With this thunder the Akim village is shaking.
The water will come down the arroyo and I will float on the water.
Afterwards the corn will ripen in the fields.

(3)

Close to the west the great ocean is singing.
The waves are rolling toward me, covered with many clouds.
Even here I catch the sound.
The earth is shaking beneath me and I hear the deep rumbling.

6: Densmore E-5 (1920)1929 NU28 Papago NU28

Another song of the same class which was not transcribed contained these words: "Spotted Mountain, at the top rises a white wind. The white wind makes the spotted mountain into a white mountain. At the top of the white mountain rose a white eagle. I saw it and my heart began to fail me. I scarcely knew what to do." 533X

The watchers inspected the ollas frequently to see how the fermentation was progressing. If some fault occurred near the beginning of the process it was possible to begin over, throwing out the wine and making fresh. The watchers, for instance, might report that moisture was on the outside of an olla. This indicated a slight leak and the wine was emptied into another olla. It was expected that the fermenting wine would rise to the top of the olla and sometimes run over a little. This should occur four times. After it had risen to the top of the olla the third time it was tasted and if it were not doing well the taster and the leader of the ceremony knew what to do. Sometimes a medicine man had interfered and used magic to spoil the wine. In that case it would bubble up, then die down, and get cold, and the people knew it would turn into sour water. If such a man were detected he might be whipped or even expelled from the village. While the wine was fermenting the medicine men were trying to locate rain. Four men combined in this work but only two were seated in the circle when the tiswin was drunk. These were men who had been qualified by dreams or had "met some strange thing at night." Their actions in trying to locate the rain were similar to those when trying to locate the enemy, on the warpath. The gestures were so much a matter of individuality that no action can be said to be typical. Those who had seen the performance said that some men used a wand, some an arrow, and others made gestures with their hands. A man might hold up an arrow and move it through the air as if testing the direction, or he might extend his right hand before him and his left hand behind him, motioning to the singers if he wanted them to sing faster or louder, as though he felt that he had found the direction of what he sought. An informant said that he saw a man make the rain divination at a tiswin festival and he "made motions with a little stick with a feather on the end." He moved the stick downward and water dripped from the end and was caught in a bottle. The man turned and sprinkled the water on the people. Some fell on this informant and the water felt hot. The medicine man said, "This water is so hot that the clouds will soon pass after a short shower, but to-morrow afternoon there will be a cool, abundant rain." It happened as the man had predicted. In reply to a direct inquiry the informants said that the medicine men did not cause the rain but "located and predicted it." 273 796 [754] 796 787

6: Densmore E-5 (1920) 1929NU28 Papago NU28

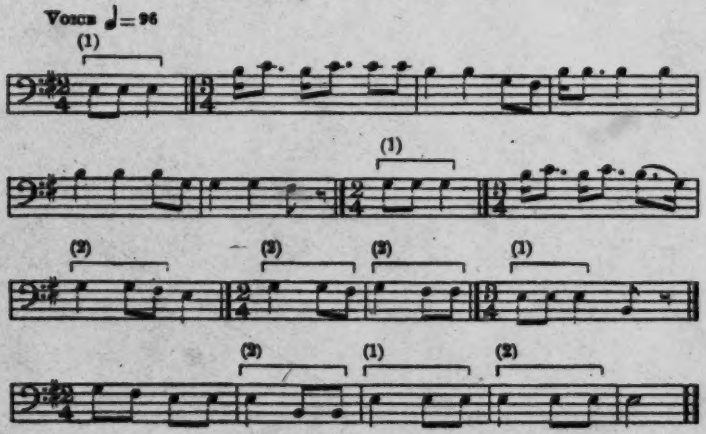
X 533 six measures in length. The song is based on the second five-toned scale and contains only two intervals larger than a minor third.

X 533 535 781 A different origin was attributed to the dance by Mattias Hendricks, of Vomari village, who said it is associated with the foot races. According to Hendricks a certain man found that he could not be a good runner. He had a dream in which a man took him to the sea. As they walked beside the sea they saw a crowd of people dancing. The men stopped at some distance from the dancers and the escort said, "Stay here and listen to the songs they sing." When morning came the man woke and found he had been dreaming. The same dream returned four times, after which the unsuccessful runner started the Bat dance. Two songs were recorded and are the property of Kañcok. The bats always fly in the warm evening and again in the early morning, and the songs are those of the evening and morning.

X 533 **No. 151. "My Wings Make a Noise as I Fly".**

(Catalogue No. 994)

Recorded by MATTIAS HENDRICKS



TRANSLATION

The evening looked red and I came out. Into all the houses I went and my wings are making a noise as I fly around in the house.

Analysis.—Almost half the intervals in this song are semitones and the minor third occurs only once. The song is harmonic in structure. Two rhythmic units occur, the second reversing the count divisions of the first unit.

The morning song was not transcribed but contained these words: "In the early morning I come out and fly all over the top of the mountain. The morning shines clear down to where the sun sets but leaves a little bit of darkness there."

6: Densmore E-5 (1920)1929 NU28 Papago NU28

DREAM SONGS

The next song was received in a dream by a Papago woman who had been taken captive by the Apache. Two women were captured by Apache warriors at a place called Big Pond. The Apache were traveling toward a mountain called Omakam. While they were camped the women escaped and afterwards one of them dreamed this song.

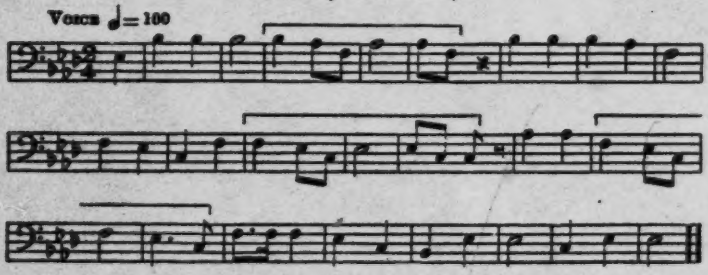
533 X
7?7

No. 152. Dream Song of a Captive Woman

(Catalogue No. 1048)

533

Recorded by JOAN ASCENCIO



TRANSLATION

When I got to the side of the mountain my heart began to give out.

Analysis.—It is interesting to note the descending series of tones in this song. There is a descending seventh in measures 6 to 10, a descending sixth in the two measures after the next rest, and a descending fifth in the next three measures. The tone material is that of the fourth five-toned scale. The song begins and ends on the fifth, occurring about midway of its compass. It is a pleasing melody with a rather appealing quality.

An old man named Victoria recorded three songs which he had received in dreams. In two songs he seems to have been wandering in the mountains while in the third he went to the "edge of the world." The second of these songs was received many years after the first song came to him.

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28

canny countrymen. Then we started back at a quick pace to our camp.

The name of this sacred place is Áalhihiani (*áli*, child; *híbian*, cemetery). The enclosure's name is *ki*, house. It is renewed at irregular intervals and, according to my informant, sometimes every year. The present one had been made during the preceding winter. Those who make the enclosure have to come on foot to do the work. After the work is done there is a feast in the lodge, the whole night being spent in singing to the accompaniment of rasping sticks. The four children come down from the cemetery and take part, but only the medicine-men see them. In the morning the latter tell the people what they saw and what the children told them about rain and crops.

The faces of the children when about to be sacrificed were painted yellow with transverse black stripes, while the body was painted on the front, yellow, and on the back, black. A hole was dug in which the children were made to stand up, while the medicine-men sang. The flow of water which was stopped came from the sea, threatening to flood the whole world. The Papagoes worship the sea. In the subdivision of the tribe called Hohóla, tradition has it that a man once went down into a cavity in the ground and the sea kept him there for four years. His relatives, considering him dead, burned his house and ate his cattle. He turned up one day, asked them to make a house for him away from the ranchería, and, after having taken eight baths, one every four days, he began to live again as before.

17:Castetter & Underhill N.E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
NU28 Papago NU28

796 During the summer various nights of singing were held to encourage the growth of crops. In the autumn, when deer hunting began, a deer was ceremonially killed and its flesh eaten after a night of singing and dancing to produce health for the people. Every four years—or, in the southern part of the reservation, every year—a harvest ceremony followed the deer dance. At this time elaborate effigies representing clouds, corn, and other good things of life were carried in a procession by masked singers. If illness threatened a village a special night of singing and dancing was held to drive it away.

796 778 The Papagos felt a need not only for food, but for magic power to sustain them through the hardships of life. Such power, they held, might be attained by the performance of three acts, fraught with supernatural mystery: one was the taking of an enemy scalp, one the killing of an eagle, and one the fetching of salt from the barren desert bordering the Gulf of California. After doing any of these things, a man had brought himself in contact with the supernatural. But this was not enough. He must next purify himself by days of fasting. Then a ceremony must be held over him with the singing of Elder Brother's songs, lest his own magic injure him. Any man undergoing purification might have dreams in which some supernatural being would visit him and teach him songs which would help him cure disease, to run swiftly, to fight, or to hunt.

791 787 It was in just such dreams that the medicine man obtained his unusual power, but he must dream longer than the others. For years he did not tell of his constant supernatural experiences but finally began trying his ability, and at last was accepted publicly. This new power did not as a rule enable him to cure; he only "saw" the disease after singing and smoking to bring himself to the clairvoyant state. He then told the waiting family what had caused 755 the illness—the rabbit, the badger, the eagle, some other offended animal, or perhaps the breaking of a ceremonial rule. The cure was homeopathic. Some one must be sent